MAD

No. 52 Our Price 25¢ Cheap Jan. '60

Got it!

And you know you've got it. Hubby out with that other woman. A once-in-a-lifetime shot you and your lawyer can't afford to miss. And you won't with the Parloraid Land Camera. Because just 60 seconds after you snap the shutter, you have your finished picture. And 60 seconds after that, you're in a Divorce Court with an air-tight case against your two-timing husband. Parloraid Land Cameras, from $74.95 or $1.50 weekly. Alimony payments from $10,000 or $200 weekly (in pennies, if hubby's the spiteful type).

NUMBER 52 JANUARY 1960

MAD

"Even a castanet doesn't click every time!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **IDEAS:** Jerry De Fuccio
PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner **LAW SUITS:** Martin Scheiman, Esq.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

A COOL YULE DEPARTMENT
The Night Before Christmas 44
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
MAD's Helpful Household Repair Hints 21
CASH AND CAROL DEPARTMENT
Sure-Fire 1959 Christmas Songs 30
CRANKS A-MILLION
Protest Letters 17
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
"The Brain Operation" 15
"In Surgery" 36
"The Early Riser" 48
DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPARTMENT
The Truth About "Before" and "After" Ads 32
EDITORIAL WHEEZE DEPARTMENT
Newspaper Editions 41
HAIR 'EM, SCARE 'EM DEPARTMENT
777 Sunset Strip 11
IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER DEPARTMENT
The MAD 1960 Calendar 4
INSIDE PITCH DEPARTMENT
New Ad Spaces 8
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL MARVIN DEPARTMENT
Marvin Talks About The Tobacco Industry ..... **
ROOM WITH A PHEW DEPARTMENT
Living Space 26
35 MM HISTRIONICS DEPARTMENT
MAD Goes To A Historical Movie Preview 37
TURKEYS IN THE CRAW DEPARTMENT
MAD's Modern Folk Music 24

**Consecutive Places Throughout The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR 4

Calendars describing the delightful months of the coming year always make us sick, so here's **MAD's** version to make you sick.

777 SUNSET STRIP 11

A sure way to make a TV show a success is to put some teeth in it. Here's one show that's done it! They've featured a comb!

PROTEST LETTERS 17

One of the reasons TV's so bad is: the networks listen to crank letters! One of the reasons **MAD's** so bad is: we ignore 'em!

MAD'S HELPFUL REPAIR HINTS 21

Here's an article which offers helpful hints to home owners. And here's a helpful hint we offer you: skip this article!

MAD'S MODERN FOLK MUSIC 24

Authentic old folk music has preserved our ancient lore. **MAD's** modern folk music will probably run into some up-to-date law.

"BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS 32

You know those "Before" and "After" photos that show miraculous changes? The biggest miracle is that people fall for 'em!

HISTORICAL MOVIE PREVIEW 37

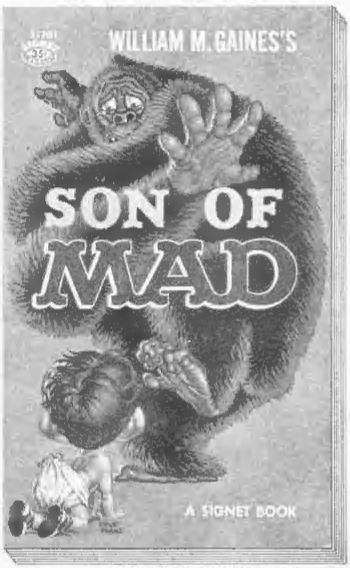
MAD reveals how Hollywood deliberately makes mistakes in a historical film so that you'll make the mistake of seeing it.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS 44

MAD roasts an old Xmas chestnut till it's cool enough for a Beatnick to read it over a Jazz background of "Jingle Bells."

YOU'LL
ROCK
WITH LAUGHTER
'N
WE'LL
ROLL
IN DOUGH

IF EVERYBODY BUYS THE LATEST MAD POCKET-SIZE BOOK



ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

The Complete Collection . . . for $2.25

Yes, we're giving this 7th addition to our MAD family an upper berth in our affection, mainly so he'll get the chance to fall on his head like the 6 others before him: "The **MAD** Reader," "**MAD** Strikes Back!", "Inside **MAD**," "Utterly **MAD**," "The Brothers **MAD**," and "The Bedside **MAD**"

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

☐ I enclose 40c for SON OF MAD

☐ I enclose $2.25 for THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

LETTERS DEPT.

BEST IN THE BUSINESS

I thought your October issue (No. 50) was really great. I think you are the best satirists in the business.

Ira Epstein
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Yeah, but in what business? — Ed.

NEWSWEEK

Hey, what gives? When I try to act reasonably intelligent and buy a sane magazine for a change, namely NEWSWEEK, I still can't escape MAD! Because when I turned to page 57, there was Alfie's smiling puss, along with Al Feldstein's and Bill Gaines's. Have you guys taken over that magazine, too?

Miriam Anver
Chicago, Ill.

I was thoroughly surprised when I picked up the August 31st issue of NEWSWEEK and found an article about you clods at MAD. I never thought you'd get into a high class magazine like that. Either MAD is getting better, or NEWSWEEK is getting worse!

Fred J. Voss III
Detroit, Mich.

DON MARTIN AND WIFE

Don Martin may be a nervous wreck from his financial dealings with MAD, but it doesn't look like his wife is any better. In "The New Chair," she calls him "George"! I'd look into this, Don, if I were you!

Leon Schor
Franklin Square, L. I.

It clearly states in the introduction that Don Martin is about to describe the night his *wife* gave *him* "The New Chair." Then, she proceeds to call him "George." If this is Don's wife, why does she call him "George"?

Johnny Osborne
Paramus, N. J.

Don's wife calls him "George" because they have never been properly introduced! — Ed.

JAZZY TITLE

Why don't you guys buy out the Time-Life Corporation. What a jazzy title MAD LIFETIME would make!

D. Lewin
No Address Given

IN GOOD HANDS

Many thanks for the amusing plug in your "TV Ads We'd Like To See" Department of the October issue (*The Ill-State Ad*). I think more people have mentioned that MADitem then you would believe. More, perhaps, than I would have heard from had I been on the front cover of NEWSWEEK, say! Anyway, far beyond my wildest iMADgination. But I think I would have been in better hands if Mort Drucker had done the art work.

Ed Reimers
Northridge, Calif.

Woodbridge's Reamer

You would have been in good hands if George Woodbridge had drawn you, Mr. Reimers. He was drawing a guy named "Ed Reamer"! Here's Mort Drucker's rendition of "Ed Reimers"! But for being such a good sport, Mort's original is on its way to you! —Ed.

Drucker's Reimers

CHANGING MEANING

You MAD idiots have written a story which is a really great example of sloppy work. You know how to run down a fine magazine. You clods are masters of degredation. Seriously, though, I have never read an article with more truth than "Changing Meanings For Fun And Profit." Keep up the good work.

Dan Atchley
Houston, Texas

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS

Your publication, as evidenced on the cover, is cheap. In fact, yours is the cheapest outfit I've ever dealt with! Because the only publishing house in the country that does not provide a pre-stamped return card for subscription renewals must be cheap! But coming from the hometown of GM, I am obviously GM, too (Gone Mad), for I am renewing my subscription. Seriously, though, your satirical wit is a welcome relief in an age of stifling conformity. Keep hacking away at the santification of mediocrity. There remain some few of us who appreciate your efforts.

Dr. Leonard W. Moss
Ass't Prof. of Sociology and Anthropology
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

Actually, our expired subscription notice is not pre-stamped because we have faith in our readers, and confidence in our magazine!—Ed.

I would like to extend my compliments to you on the continued quality and impressive pertinency of your publication. I think the spirit of MAD is very well exemplified by the fact that the expired-subscription card is not self-addressed and stamped, which I consider evidence of faith in the reader and confidence in the quality of your magazine. You will, of course, find my renewal enclosed.

Priscilla De Vantier
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Actually, our expired subscription notice is not pre-stamped because we're cheap!—Ed.

SMALL CAR THREAT

While looking through your trash-filled pages, I came across the article entitled "How To Fight The Small Car Threat." When I saw the picture of the squashed Cadillac, I went wild. Detroit is missing a good bet not adopting this new design. Without a doubt, it is the neatest car I have ever seen.

Joe Coleman
Washington, D.C.

A Good Bet

I'm wild about your compact little Cadillac. I understand it's called a "MADillac." I'd like to know when it will be on the market.

Ed St. Yues
Assonet, Mass.

FROM CEYLON

The enclosed photo was taken in Trincolmalee, Ceylon. There are numerous captions that could be tagged to it. For example: "Nearly everybody in Ceylon reads MAD," or "What kind of man reads MAD?"

Al Whitmer
Canal Zone, Panama

Or "50 Million Natives Can't Be Wrong!" —Ed.

RACE WARM-UP

Thought you might like to see this picture of the Cornell University Junior Varsity Crew reading MAD before the big race with Princeton at the Eastern Sprints this year. By the way, they lost!

Thomas W. Gittins
Ridley Park, Pa.

What did you expect?—Ed.

MAD TIME CAPSULE

You boys had a great idea with "The MAD Time Capsule." The only thing you forgot to include was every issue of MAD ever printed!

Brooks Scofield
La Mirada, Calif.

JUNG IN HEART

MAD is very popular here, especially in the Section of Psychiatry.

Carl Brunsting, M.D.
Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minn.

Among the doctors . . . or the patients?—Ed.

ODD-BALL TEACHER

I am an English teacher. I am an odd-ball English teacher because I like MAD. Once I sent a contribution to MAD which you did not print. Perhaps this meant my contribution had real merit. But I didn't care. I still like MAD. I shall read parts to my English class, because some of the kids (Imagine!) don't read MAD. Maybe they will enjoy it as I do. Maybe my principal won't. Maybe soon I will not be an English teacher any more. Then you will be sorry, because I will have more time to send you contributions, and you will go bankrupt sending them back to me.

George T. Appleton
Charlotte, Mich.

Maybe you will be sorry because we may print one of your contributions. Then you'll have to go back to teaching English!—Ed.

MAD EXPEDITION

Thought you might like to know that a recent successful expedition to the summit of 14,495 foot Mt. Whitney had as its glorious leader none other than the MAD kid himself, Alfred E. Neuman. His name is signed (forged, that is!) in a register at the top, for posterity. Without his inspiration, several of the sicker members of the party probably would have fallen by the wayside.

Donald L. Dickson
Torrance, Calif.

Instead, the whole sick crew made it!—Ed.

TIRED OF INSULTS

I'm getting rather tired of people writing in to your "Letters Dept." and calling you "clods" and "dolts" and "idiots" and "morons." I wonder if these people realize that putting together a magazine, even a MAD one, is no snap, and that it takes a lot of brains to think up ideas and new articles every month. I want to congratulate you on a great job, and hope you'll continue the good work!

Peg O'Mally
San Diego, Calif.

The clods, dolts, idiots and morons at MAD thank you for the kind words. We'll try!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 52, 225 Lafayette Street New York 12, New York

JANUARY

Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Pour a dose of Pepto-Bismol,
Toast the New Year with a swallow!
Sick of slushy January?
Wait and see the months that follow!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

FEBRUARY

Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

Leap Year month means one more day of
Winter's gloom and things that tire us:
Like those women catching men, while
Clods like us are catching virus!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29					

MARCH

Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

Poets who praise winds of March should
Meet their ends in bloody ways:
Caught by girls who wear short skirts, and
Angry men who wear toupees!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

APRIL

Especially Painted for MAD by Frank Kelly Freas

Sing, you fool, of April showers!
Sing of how they help the buds!
When you're singing from your rooftop,
We'll row by—come April floods!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

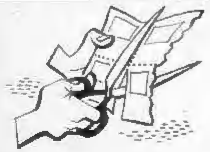
IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER DEPT.

I WASN'T IN THE LAST ISSUE BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO SEE WHAT THE MAIL RESPONSE TO MY FIRST APPEARANCE WOULD BE LIKE!

Frankly, we're getting sick of those calendars that come out every year! You know, the kind that show gorgeous pin-up girls with hardly anything . . . *oops!* Wrong kind of calendar! We're certainly not getting sick of *those!* But we *are* getting sick of those calendars with nauseating pictures, and even more nauseating poems which try to prove how much more wonderful each month is than the one before. So we've decided to come out with our *own* nauseating calendar, which won't try to prove *anything!* Except, maybe, that nineteen-sixty is gonna be *another* miserable year!

THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR

DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING THE MAD 1960 CALENDAR



Tear out page 4 from mag, and cut months along dotted lines.

Tear out pages 6 and 7, and cut months along dotted lines.

Paste page 7 back together so you can read what's on page 8.

Forget whole idea and go get a decent pin-up girl calendar.

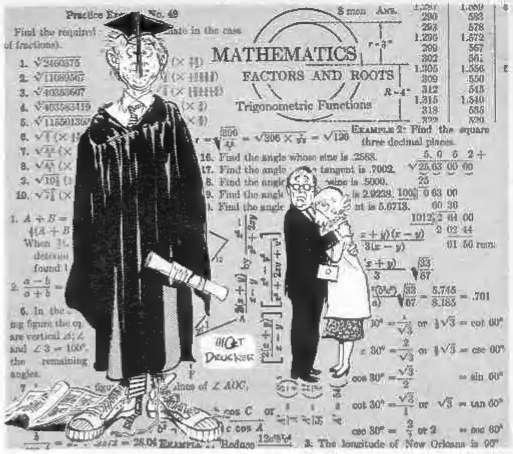
MAY

Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Go pick flowers, nature lovers,
May has on her verdant cloak!
Take your choice, what will you have now:
Poison ivy or poison oak?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

JUNE



Especially Painted for MAD by Mort Drucker

Clod of 30, graduating!
This much, friend, we will acknowledge:
If, till now, school's been tough going,
Wait till you get into college!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JULY

Especially Painted for MAD by David Berg

This month's best for summer driving!
Start out early: six o'clock!
That way, there won't be much traffic
Going once around the block!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

AUGUST

Especially Painted for MAD by Joe Orlando

Every Summer has it's "dog days!"
This month has the "doggiest!"
Why should we waste clever rhymes on
Stupid months like Augiest?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

SEPTEMBER

Especially Painted for MAD by George Woodbridge

If you choke on stifling air that
Summer constantly conceives,
Fall is here! Cheer up! You're free to
Choke on smoke of burning leaves!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

OCTOBER

Especially Painted for MAD by Wallace Wood

Halloween's the time for pranks, so
Keep your eye on every tot!
Oops, there goes your gate! Your house! Say—
How's your new split-level lot?

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOVEMBER

Especially Painted for MAD by Don Martin

Stuff your gut with tons of food and
Then collapse while muscles pound.
Don't claim Thanksgiving's the reason!
You eat this way all year 'round!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

DECEMBER

Especially Painted for MAD by Bob Clarke

Close the year with gifts and cards to
People you detest and curse!
If you think '60 was bad, friend,
'61 will be much worse!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

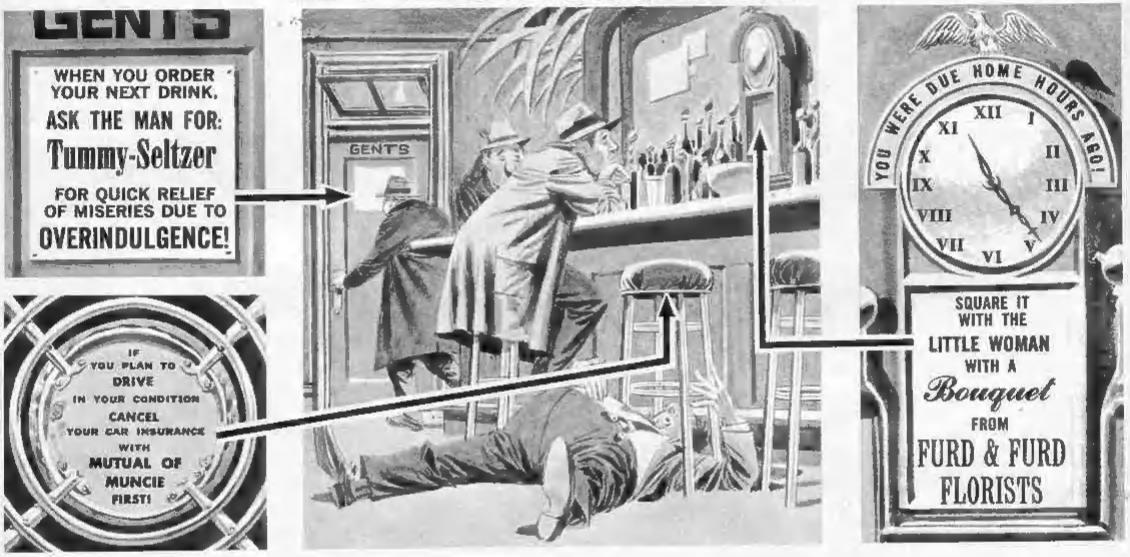
INSIDE PITCH DEPT.

It seems as though the grey flannel set is getting desperate these days. Lately, everywhere you look—be it sides of busses, backs of menus, fronts of matchbooks, inside ball parks, outside ball parks, trash receptacles, beer coasters or roller coasters—you see an advertisement. Today, the ad men are searching frantically for any usable space which might be utilized for commercial pitches. We hear that even hotel room walls are being considered as spots where ads could be placed for greater impact. MAD foresees where it could all end if advertising men go for broke to get their message across in . . .

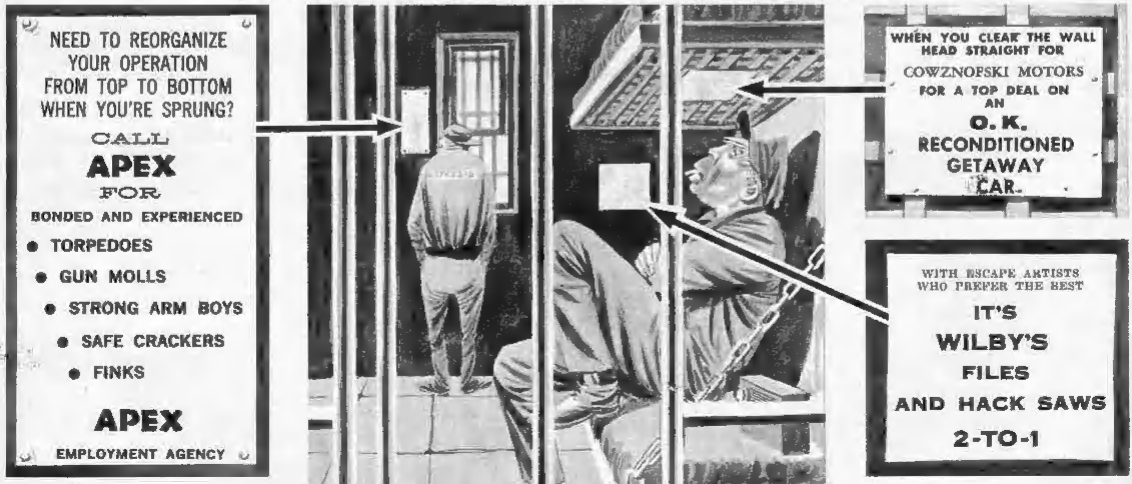
NEW

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

IN BARROOMS



IN PRISON CELLS

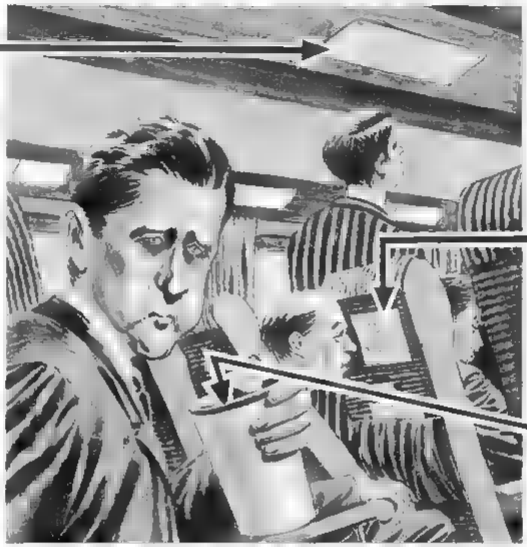


AD SPACES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

IN AIRLINERS

COMMERCIAL AIRLINE ACCIDENTS
TOOK
573
LIVES
LAST YEAR!
PLAY SAFE!
TAKE THE BUS
AND ARRIVE ALIVE
WITH US!
GRAYHOUND



NEXT TIME
TAKE ALONG A
DROPWELL
PORTABLE
PARACHUTE
IF THERE
IS
A NEXT TIME

ROUGH WEATHER AHEAD?
AIR
SICKNESS
can be unbearable
AGONY
UNLESS YOU TAKE
QUEASE-EASE
DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D
BROUGHT A BOX ALONG
NOW
WHEN YOU ARE
GETTING SO
NAUSEOUS?

ON PAY ENVELOPES

NORTH AMERICAN
VEEBLEFETZER CO.
PAY ENVELOPE

NAME:	Ralph C. Wretched
SALARY:	$90.00
DEDUCTIONS:	$82.27
NET SALARY:	$7.73

SQUANDER IT ALL
at
The Sitting Duck
TAVERN
Stop off on your way home, before the old crow gets her paws on ■

YOU CAN RUN THIS
PITTANCE
INTO A
REAL BANKROLL
AT
DIRTY DAN'S
FLOATING
CRAP GAME

DISSATISFIED
WITH THIS
MISERABLE
WAGE
YOU EARN?
ORGANIZE
NOW!
International Brotherhood of
CLODS
Local No. 729¼

IN DRESSING ROOMS

Gain Financial Independence
BEFORE YOU'RE TOO PUNCHY TO ENJOY IT!

MAKE BIG MONEY

TAKING DIVES!
FOR DETAILS, CALL
LEW ESKIN'S
BOOKIE SYNDICATE
QU-3-3217
(Ask for Big Lew)

DON'T GO INTO THE RING
DEFENSELESS!
PACK EACH GLOVE WITH A
Lucky Brand
HORSESHOE
"Every One A Knockout!"
MADE OF FINEST TEMPERED GERMAN STEEL

MAYBE YOU'D DO BETTER
IN THE
FLYWEIGHT CLASS!
REDUCE
THE MEDICALLY APPROVED WAY
at
VIC LARDOFF'S

IN HOSPITAL ROOMS

Each day in this Hospital takes you further into
HOPELESS DEBT!
HIRE AN AMBULANCE
NOW
AND HAVE THEM DRIVE YOU TO
THE GREAT NORTHERN FINANCE CO.
FOR A FRIENDLY HIGH-INTEREST
LOAN

DON'T PUT THOSE IMPORTANT FINAL ARRANGEMENTS
IN THE HANDS OF THE
INCOMPETANTS
YOU LEAVE BEHIND!
DO IT YOURSELF
TODAY!
TOMORROW MAY BE
TOO LATE!
Dormant Schlepp & Sons
Licensed Morticians
"Your last wise move"

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE THOUGHT-PROVOKING ARTICLE
"IS YOUR DOCTOR USING YOU FOR A GUINEA PIG?"
in the current issue of
The Readers' Digest

IN GOVT. BUILDINGS

BACK TAXES Got You UPSET?
END IT ALL WITH A
Wise & Heimer
.38 REVOLVER

GOLD MEDAL AWARD INTERNATIONAL RUSSIAN ROULETTE FESTIVAL
ENDORSED BY LEADING SUICIDES EVERYWHERE

The World Looks Brighter When You Drink . . .
OLD OVERSHOE
100 PROOF ** CONVENIENT HALF-GALLONS FOR DROWNING MAJOR TROUBLES

SOLVE YOUR TAX PROBLEMS THE MODERN WAY!
FLY
to
PARAGUAY
NOW!
No Questions Asked.
Andy's Andes Airlines

HAIR 'M, SCARE 'M DEPT.

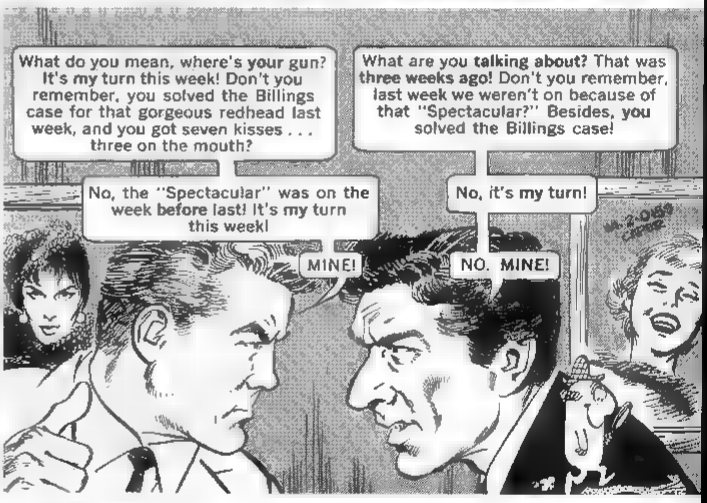
If you've never seen "777 Sunset Strip" on TV, you're obviously not a teenager! Each week on the show, two Private Eyes named Stew Daily and Jess Spence take turns solving cases. Supposedly, the one not handling the case on any given week is allowed to show himself occasionally, but he's kept in the background. Actually, the one that is handling the case is kept in the background too! Because the main purpose of this program lately seems to be to find every possible excuse for sneaking in Koukie (a hip-talking, hair-combing car–parker) for the teenagers who are wild about him. Which is why a situation of near-catastrophe occurs on . . .

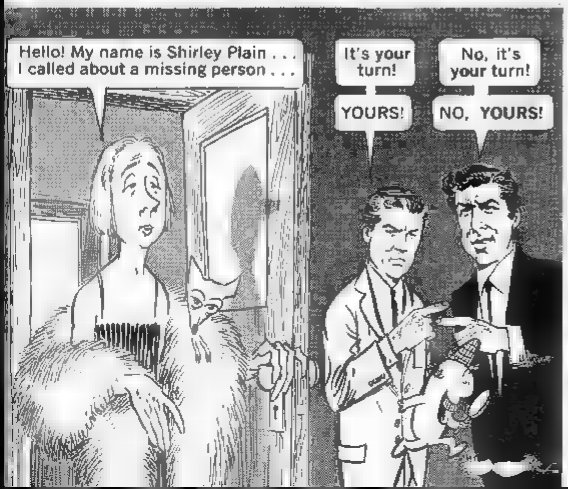
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

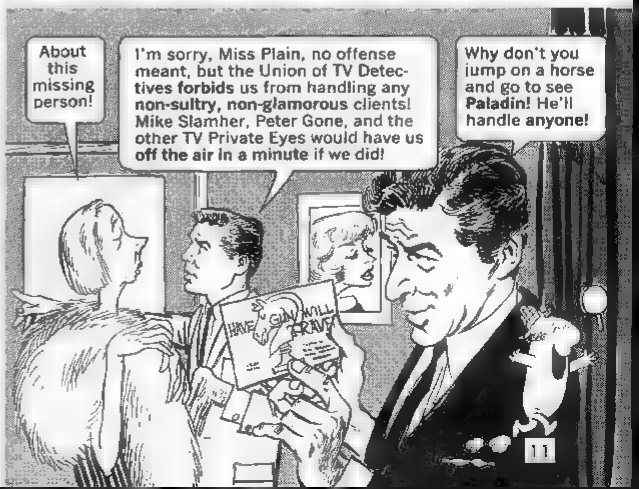
THE NIGHT THAT KOUKIE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS from

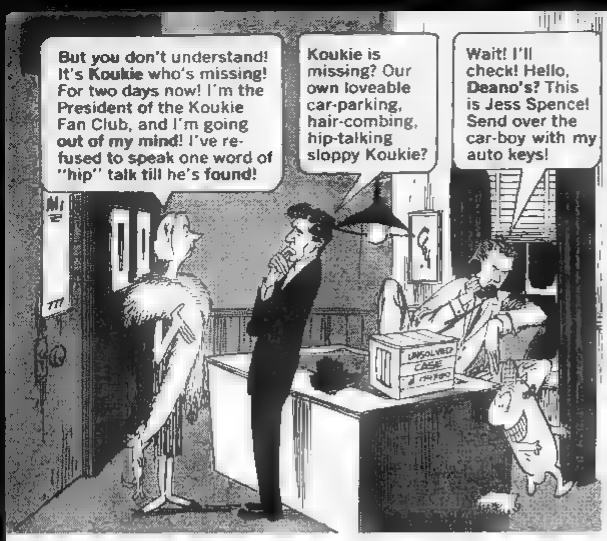
777 SUNSET STRIP

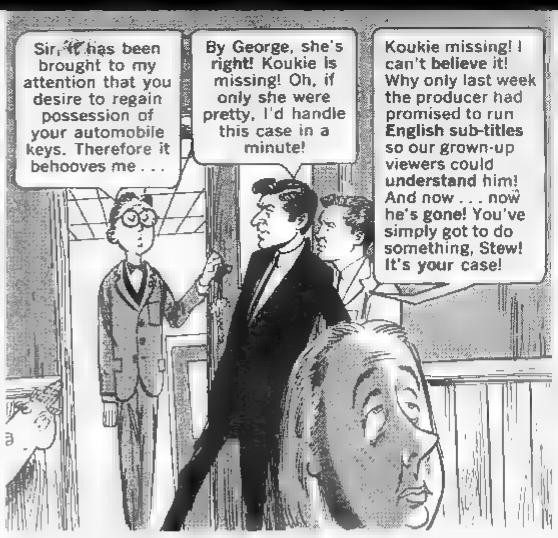
(Clap-Clap)

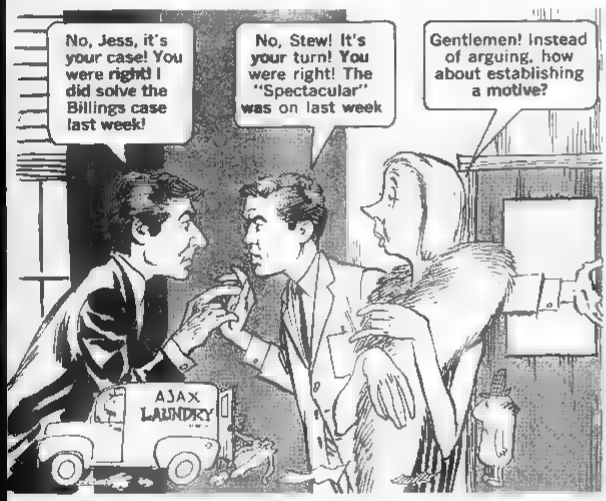




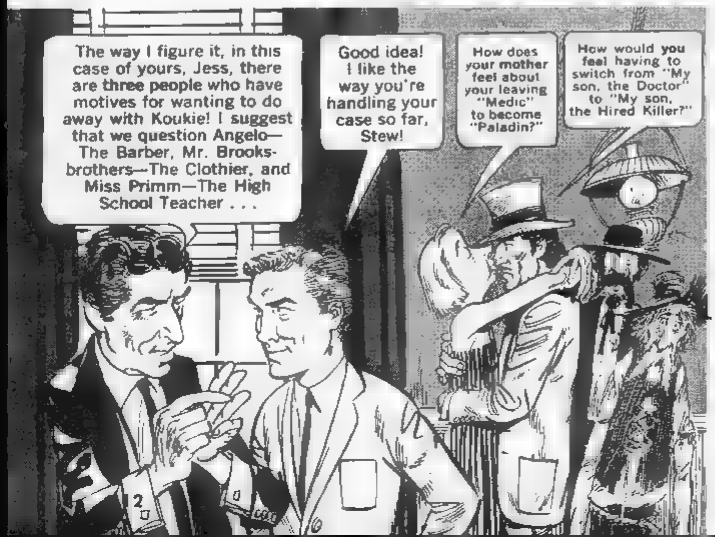


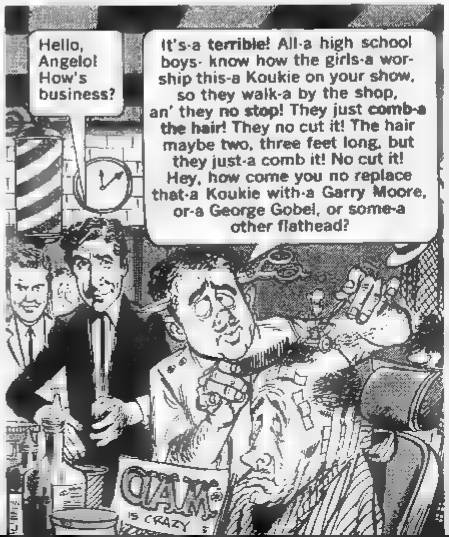

But you don't understand! It's Koukie who's missing! For two days now! I'm the President of the Koukie Fan Club, and I'm going out of my mind! I've refused to speak one word of "hip" talk till he's found!
Koukie is missing? Our own loveable car-parking, hair-combing, hip-talking sloppy Koukie?
Wait! I'll check! Hello, Deano's? This is Jess Spence! Send over the car-boy with my auto keys!
UNSOLVED CASE

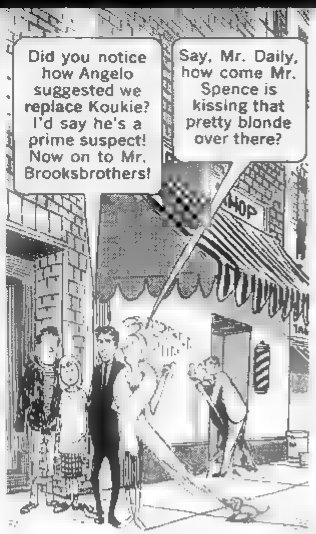

Sir, it has been brought to my attention that you desire to regain possession of your automobile keys. Therefore it behooves me . . .
By George, she's right! Koukie is missing! Oh, if only she were pretty, I'd handle this case in a minute!
Koukie missing! I can't believe it! Why only last week the producer had promised to run English sub-titles so our grown-up viewers could understand him! And now . . . now he's gone! You've simply got to do something, Stew! It's your case!

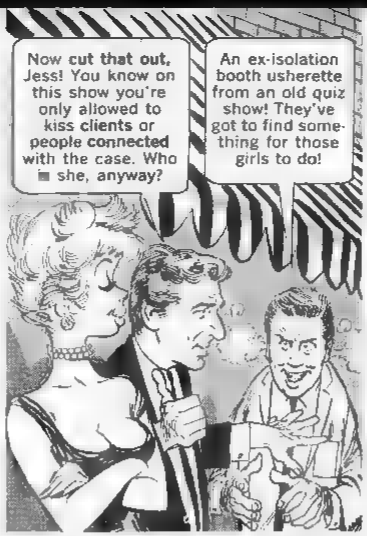

No, Jess, it's your case! You were right! I did solve the Billings case last week!
No, Stew! It's your turn! You were right! The "Spectacular" was on last week
Gentlemen! Instead of arguing, how about establishing a motive?
AJAX LAUNDRY

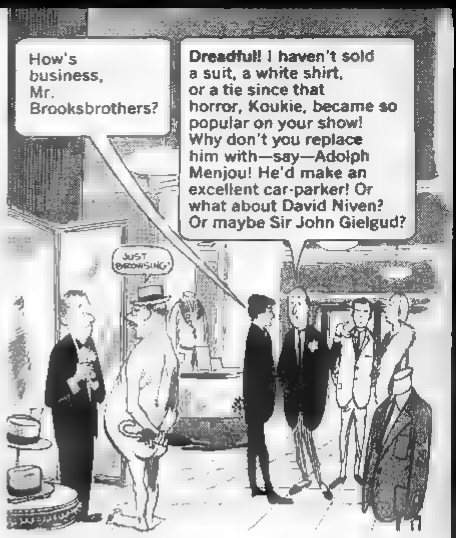
Okay, Jess! It's your case, and I'll help you a little, which is permissible on this show. But you do the kissing!
No, it's your case, Stew, and I'll help you a little! Besides, I just discovered my lips are chapped!
I'll do the kissing! I'll kiss anyone for a price!

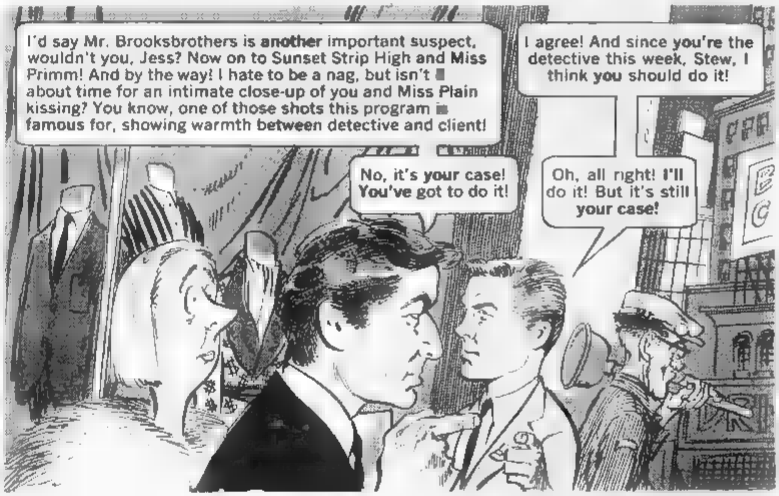

The way I figure it, in this case of yours, Jess, there are three people who have motives for wanting to do away with Koukie! I suggest that we question Angelo—The Barber, Mr. Brooks-brothers—The Clothier, and Miss Primm—The High School Teacher . . .
Good idea! I like the way you're handling your case so far, Stew!
How does your mother feel about your leaving "Medic" to become "Paladin?"
How would you feel having to switch from "My son, the Doctor" to "My son, the Hired Killer?"


Hello, Angelo! How's business?
It's-a terrible! All-a high school boys know how the girls-a worship this-a Koukie on your show, so they walk-a by the shop, an' they no stop! They just comb-a the hair! They no cut it! The hair maybe two, three feet long, but they just-a comb it! No cut it! Hey, how come you no replace that-a Koukie with-a Garry Moore, or-a George Gobel, or some-a other flathead?
CLAM IS CRAZY

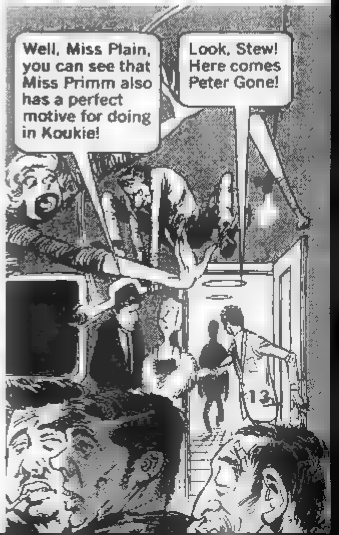

Did you notice how Angelo suggested we replace Koukie? I'd say he's a prime suspect! Now on to Mr. Brooksbrothers!
Say, Mr. Daily, how come Mr. Spence is kissing that pretty blonde over there?

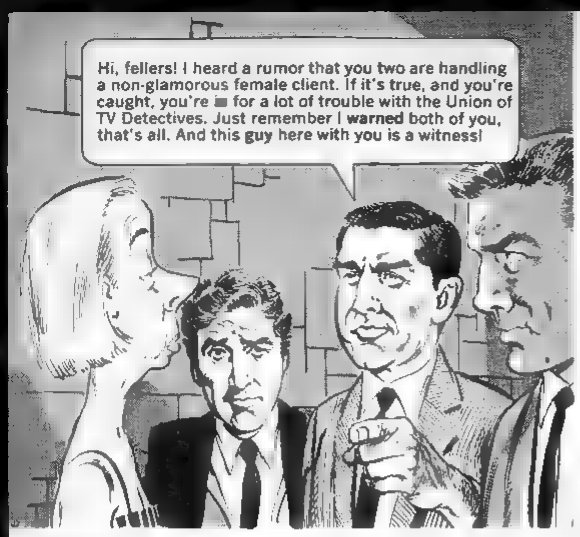

Now cut that out, Jess! You know on this show you're only allowed to kiss clients or people connected with the case. Who is she, anyway?
An ex-isolation booth usherette from an old quiz show! They've got to find something for those girls to do!

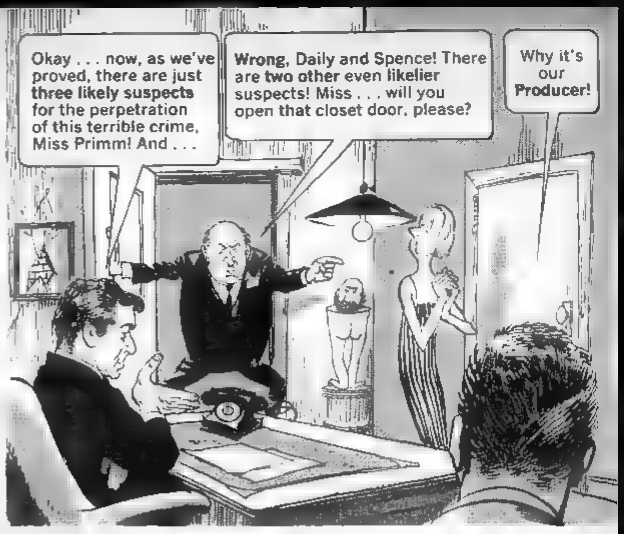

How's business, Mr. Brooksbrothers?
Dreadful! I haven't sold a suit, a white shirt, or a tie since that horror, Koukie, became so popular on your show! Why don't you replace him with—say—Adolph Menjou! He'd make an excellent car-parker! Or what about David Niven? Or maybe Sir John Gielgud?
JUST BROWSING

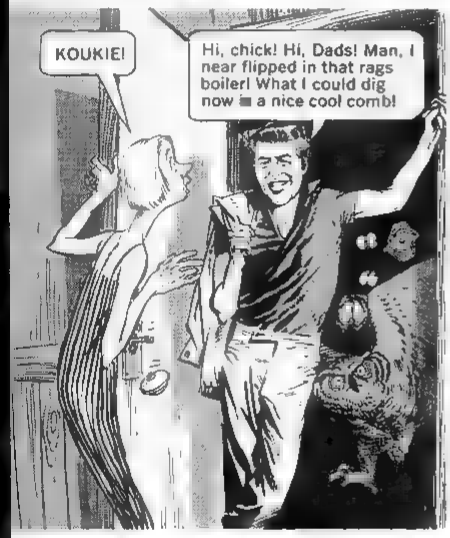

I'd say Mr. Brooksbrothers is another important suspect, wouldn't you, Jess? Now on to Sunset Strip High and Miss Primm! And by the way! I hate to be a nag, but isn't it about time for an intimate close-up of you and Miss Plain kissing? You know, one of those shots this program is famous for, showing warmth between detective and client!
I agree! And since you're the detective this week, Stew, I think you should do it!
No, it's your case! You've got to do it!
Oh, all right! I'll do it! But it's still your case!

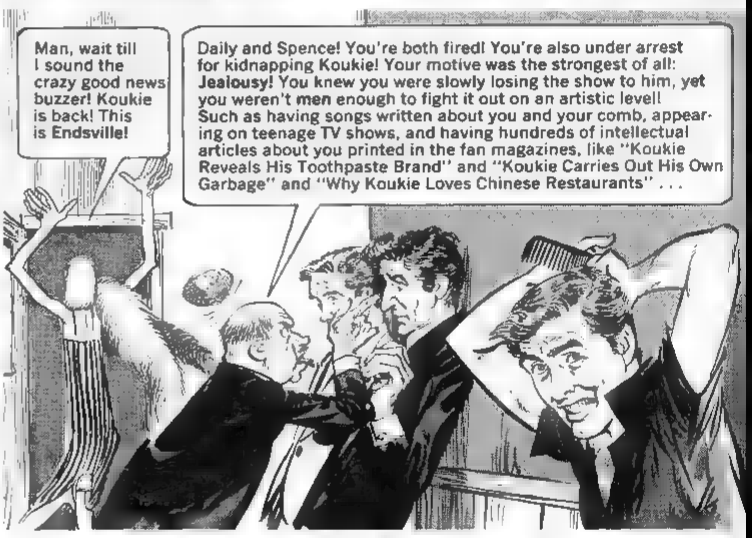
Well, Miss Primm! How are things going here in your French class?
Look for yourself! Oh, that horrid Koukie—and his influence on teenagers!
Okay, cats! I will now conjugate the verb "to understand!" Je dig, tu dig, il dig, elle dig, nous digons, vous digez, ils digent, elles digent . . .
Crazy! I will now give Frog definitions for English words! The house: "le pad!" The man: "le cat!" The best: "la end!"
Man, you are from Squaresville! You goofed! It's not "la end!" It's "l'end!"
I MUST NOT
THE

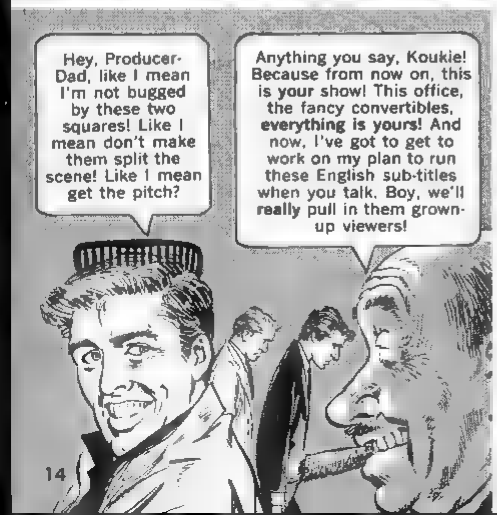

Well, Miss Plain, you can see that Miss Primm also has a perfect motive for doing in Koukie!
Look, Stew! Here comes Peter Gone!

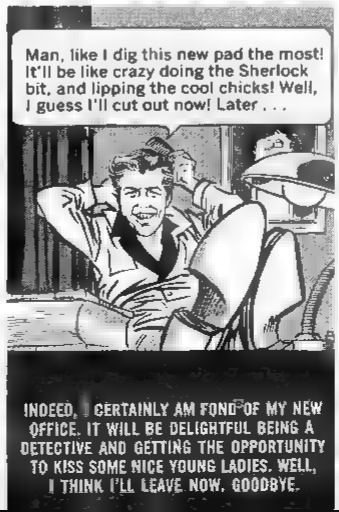

Hi, fellers! I heard a rumor that you two are handling a non-glamorous female client. If it's true, and you're caught, you're ■ for a lot of trouble with the Union of TV Detectives. Just remember I warned both of you, that's all. And this guy here with you is a witness!

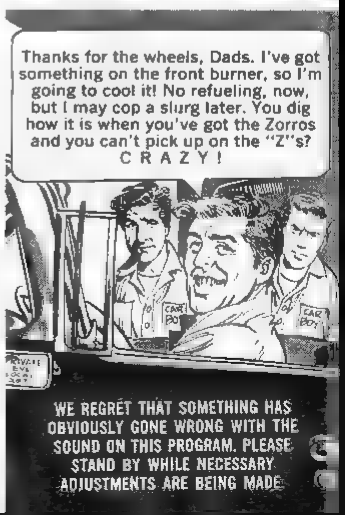

Okay . . . now, as we've proved, there are just three likely suspects for the perpetration of this terrible crime, Miss Primm! And . . .
Wrong, Daily and Spence! There are two other even likelier suspects! Miss . . . will you open that closet door, please?
Why it's our Producer!


KOUKIE!
Hi, chick! Hi, Dads! Man, I near flipped in that rags boiler! What I could dig now ■ a nice cool comb!


Man, wait till I sound the crazy good news buzzer! Koukie is back! This is Endsville!
Daily and Spence! You're both fired! You're also under arrest for kidnapping Koukie! Your motive was the strongest of all: Jealousy! You knew you were slowly losing the show to him, yet you weren't men enough to fight it out on an artistic level! Such as having songs written about you and your comb, appearing on teenage TV shows, and having hundreds of intellectual articles about you printed in the fan magazines, like "Koukie Reveals His Toothpaste Brand" and "Koukie Carries Out His Own Garbage" and "Why Koukie Loves Chinese Restaurants" . . .


Hey, Producer-Dad, like I mean I'm not bugged by these two squares! Like I mean don't make them split the scene! Like I mean get the pitch?
Anything you say, Koukie! Because from now on, this is your show! This office, the fancy convertibles, everything is yours! And now, I've got to get to work on my plan to run these English sub-titles when you talk. Boy, we'll really pull in them grown-up viewers!

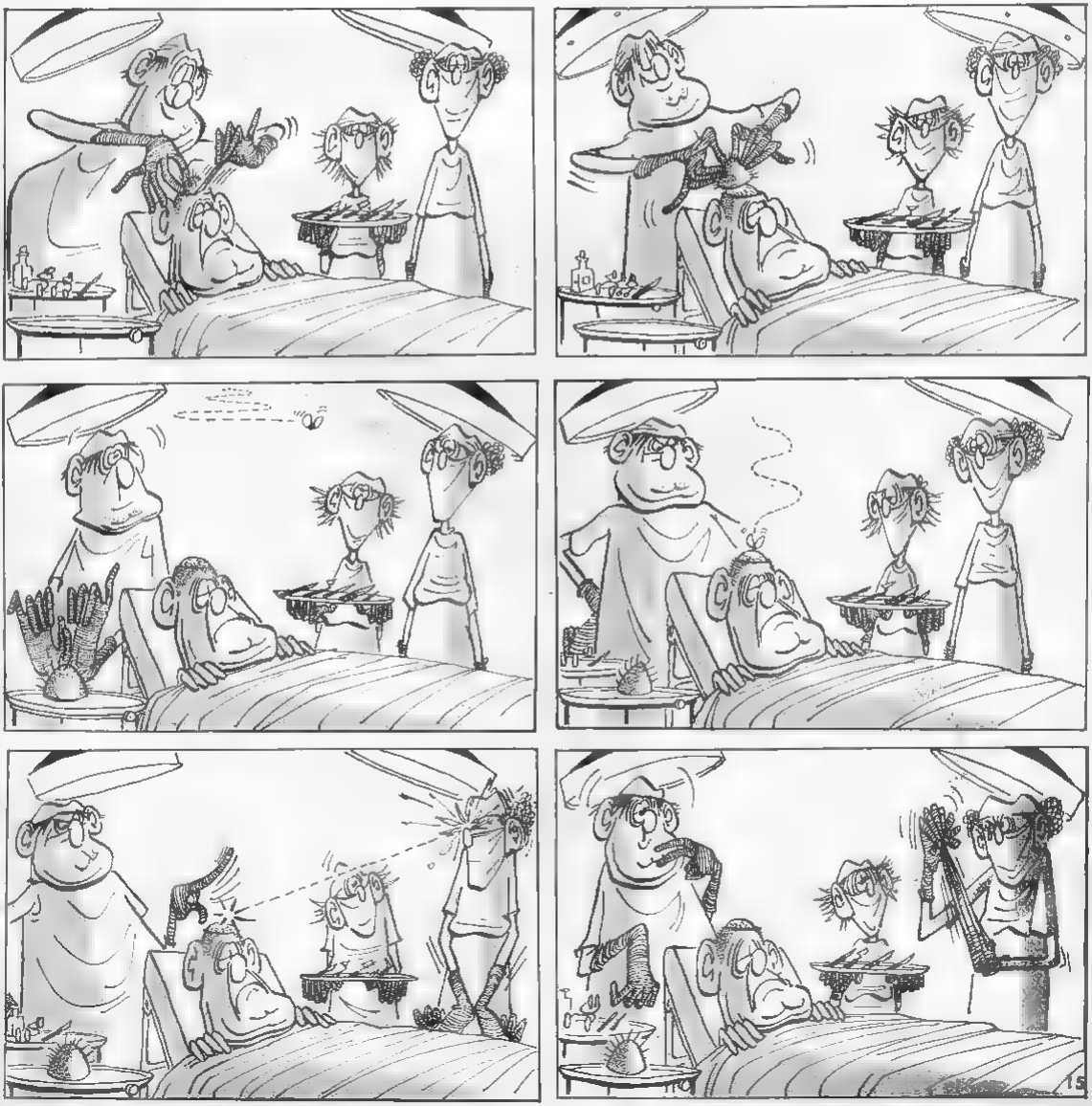

Man, like I dig this new pad the most! It'll be like crazy doing the Sherlock bit, and lipping the cool chicks! Well, I guess I'll cut out now! Later . . .
INDEED, I CERTAINLY AM FOND OF MY NEW OFFICE. IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL BEING A DETECTIVE AND GETTING THE OPPORTUNITY TO KISS SOME NICE YOUNG LADIES. WELL, I THINK I'LL LEAVE NOW. GOODBYE.

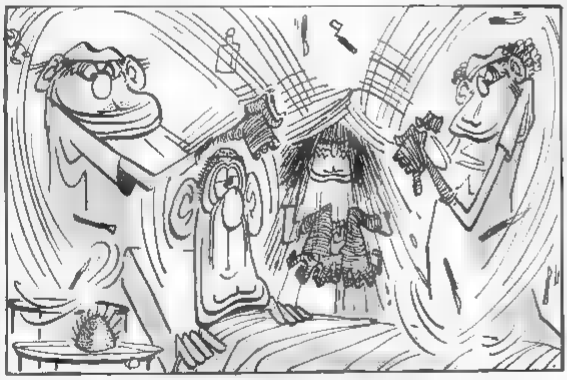

Thanks for the wheels, Dads. I've got something on the front burner, so I'm going to cool it! No refueling, now, but I may cop a slurg later. You dig how it is when you've got the Zorros and you can't pick up on the "Z"s? C R A Z Y !
WE REGRET THAT SOMETHING HAS OBVIOUSLY GONE WRONG WITH THE SOUND ON THIS PROGRAM. PLEASE STAND BY WHILE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS ARE BEING MADE.

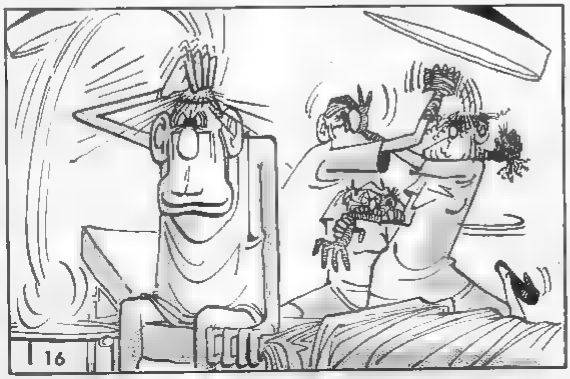
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

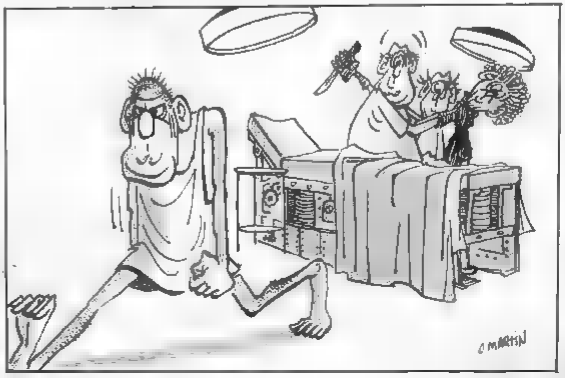
Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, has finally come up with an explanation for his unique artist talent. It all goes back to the time he underwent . . .

THE BRAIN OPERATION









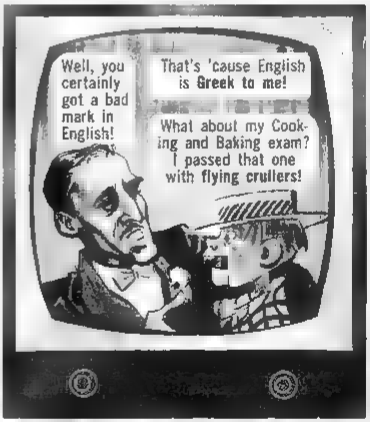
CRANKS A-MILLION DEPT.

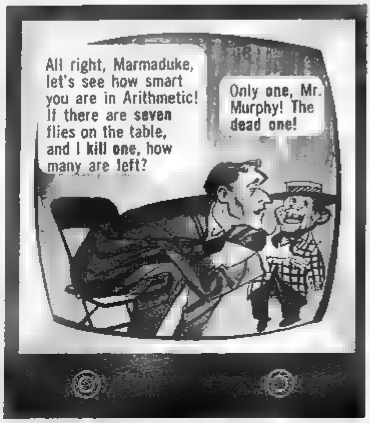
When we were kids, we learned a simple and rather succinct phrase which pretty well summed up what Democracy was all about—mainly "The Majority Wins!" Unfortunately, the television industry doesn't seem to believe in this. Rather, they insist upon remaining at the mercy of so-called "Public Opinion" in the form of a few crank letters. Instead of fighting back, the networks prefer a more civilized way out, called "total surrender." To show how this sorry situation works out, we've prepared this behind-the-scenes study which demonstrates the power of the relative minority who write...

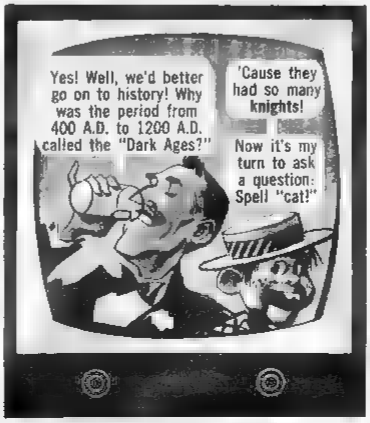
PROTEST LETTERS

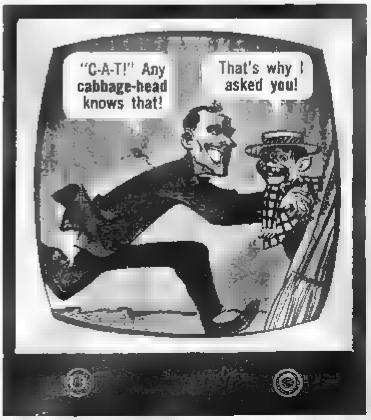
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: SY REIT

HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS A TYPICAL TELEVISION ROUTINE WHICH SEEMS HARMLESS, BLAMELESS AND MAINLY MIRTHLESS









AND HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS OF PROTEST THAT CAME IN THE NEXT DAY

Dear Sirs,
I found your use of the name "Marmaduke" for the little boy in last nights show extremely offensive. I dont think there's anything funny about the name and I resent the implication that people with this name are usually stupid, or dummies, or something like that. Why dont you use a name like "Stanley", or "Horace", or "Melvin". These are funny names!
yours truly,
Marmaduke Sternwallow III

Gentlemen,
As recording secretary of our local PTA, I must say I was shocked at the way you ridiculed education on last night's show! A poor report card is no laughing matter! How can we instill respect for learning in our children when they are exposed to shows like yours, lampooning our educational system?
—Angry Mother

Gentlemen—
Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat, indoors! How can we teach our kids good manners when you set such a bad example for them?
Television is a vital force in today's community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?
—Despairing Father

Fearless, Inc.
COVERS THE COUNTRY

May 25th, 1959

Gentlemen:
Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat. Don't you realize that this sort of thing can ruin the felt hat industry?
Television is a vital force in today's community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?
Cordially,

President,
Fearless Felt Hat M'f'g Co.

GREEK CONSULATE
Washington, D. C.

Dear Ιδιαιτέρως: —
'Εφήμερίδες τῆς Δυτικῆς Εὐρωπῆς υπογραμμιξουν σήμερον, ὀτι ἡ Σοβιετικὴ εκδοχὴ τῆς ἐν Μόσχα λογομαχίας "—English is Greek to me!" μεταεύ τοῦ Αντιπροέδρου τῶν morons! 'Ηνωμένων Πολιτειῶν καὶ του πρωθυπυρ dumbkopfs! Δὲν να διστασω να επαναρχίσω τον αγῶνα big low-suit!
Sincerely yours,

Consul General

Dear Sirs:
Since your program is adopted by millions of youngsters, all over the country, the manner of presentation and material is unwanted for and unfortunate.
The "anti-organized crime" series showing the dark age is an obvious and deliberate attempt to reject [illegible] into a [illegible] show insofar as it does not [illegible] appeal to the [illegible] intelligence of [illegible] to quiet, slow and [illegible] and not [illegible] program.
Shocked Parent

DEAR MARMADUKE AND MR MURPHY—
YOUR SHOW STINKS. OKAY MAYBE FOR A THREE OR FOUR YEAR OLD BUT NOT FOR BIG KIDZ LIKE ME IM FIVE
SINSERELY YOURS
JIMMY AXOLOTL

May 25, 1959

Sirs—
Im getting sick and tired of the way you people always make cats the butt of your jokes. Why did the man have to spell CAT? why not DOG or CHIPMUNK or AARDVAARK?
Speaking for thousands of cat lovers, this sort of treatment must stop! I am throwing away my TV set.
disgustedly—
Elvira Tuttle

Gentlemen

Despite the fact that we work long hours and are extremely underpaid teachers here in America we still manage to get insulted at every turn. [illegible]

[illegible]

Concerned Teacher

[illegible] slap at teenagers why don't everyone [illegible] school and report cards, [illegible] stuff. What's funny about school and report cards?

[illegible]

M.B.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

RS:ek

DL -- 5-25-59 -- 10 PM

STRONGLY PROTEST BARBARIC MIS-USE OF PAST PARTICIPLE AND SUBJUNCTIVE CLAUSE IN LAST NIGHT'S SHOW (EXCLAMATION POINT) HAVE YOU PEOPLE NO SENSE OF SHAME (QUESTION MARK)

SIGNED: J.J. WATKINS, PRES.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE SOCIETY

What's wrong you guys [illegible] against the Cooks [illegible] Bar-mitzvah, [illegible] what are you [illegible] smart [illegible] pack of [illegible]

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-
On behalf of our membership, I hereby protest your reference in last night's television program to the killing of flies. How long, sirs, must this wanton disregard for insect life continue? Will the senseless slaughter never cease? The fly, I admit, is not without its faults--but let us try to remember that it is still one of Nature's creatures. If more of us tried to see things from the fly's point of view, what a happier, kindlier place our world would be. This applies to the entire genus "Diptera," including gnats, fleas and mosquitos.

Respectfully,
RODNEY MUDGE
Secretary

S.P.H.A.

Society for the Preservation of Historic Accuracy

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-
Contrary to the statement on your television program, the Dark Ages did not extend from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Scholars generally agree that the Dark (or Middle) Ages may be said to commence with the fall of the Western Roman Empire, in 476, and terminate with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. No doubt you will be anxious to correct this grievous error immediately.

We suggest a complete and frank statement by the President of your Company, to be made on a combined international, multi-channel network. Hoping we will not be compelled to take further steps, I am,

Sincerely,

J. Finchley Doob
Associate Director

Gentlemen,
Things have come to a shocking state when this great big grand and glorious country is low enough to make fun of our great big grand and glorious flag. I am referring to last night's show in which your international called our flying colors "flying crutters". Have you checked this commie pact affiliations? - Proud American

Protective Association
National Cabbage Growers

Dear Sirs: 25 May, 1959

The use of the phrase "cabbage-head" is an uncalled-for slur. For your information, the cabbage has served long and well in building healthy bodies and helping to keep our nation strong. It is regrettable that you must look for so-called "laughs" at the expense of an innocent and harmless vegetable. Our organization feels that a retraction is in order.

Very truly yours,

Gertrude Vetch,
Director

gv:svr

Gentlemen—
The dummy on your TV show looks exactly like my daughter Henrietta. Unless you apologize publicly I will turn this matter over to my lawyers.
sincerely,
Albert Furd

AFTER A WHILE, WHEN THE SHOW WAS DUE FOR A RE-RUN, THE NETWORK DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE

THEY CUT OUT EVERYTHING THEY KNEW TO BE OF A CONTROVERSIAL NATURE, AND RAN WHAT THEY HAD LEFT

AND IT WORKED FINE, BECAUSE ONLY ONE LETTER OF PROTEST TURNED UP THE FOLLOWING DAY

NBC
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

August 24, 1959

Dear Murphy and Marmaduke:-

As per our option clause (Para. 71, Lines 181-3), your contract with this network is hereby cancelled.

The Trendex rating on last night's show was terrible. It is obvious that your popularity has waned. Something seemed to be lacking in your performance. You just weren't your "old selves" on last night's show. Therefore, we feel that the only solution is to drop your program.

Sincerely yours,

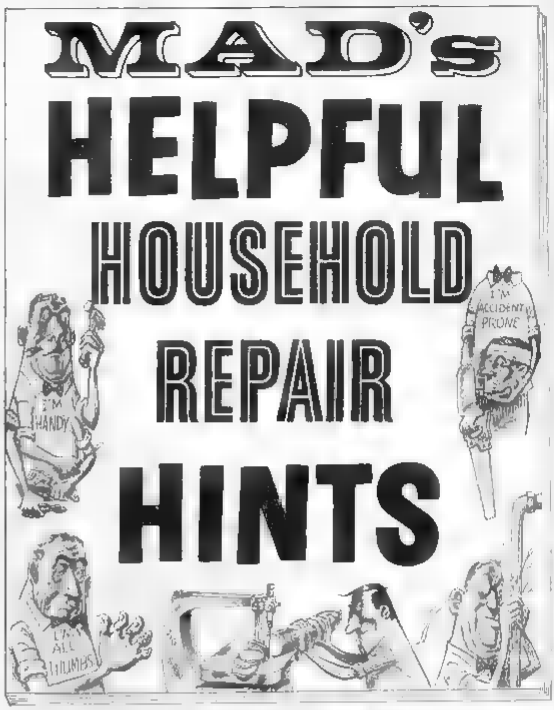
Robert Sarnoff
President

Murph, I dont know what to say. I simply cant understand what happened. Certainly, its no fault of ours here at the network. All I can say is, oh well—that's show biz!

Bob

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

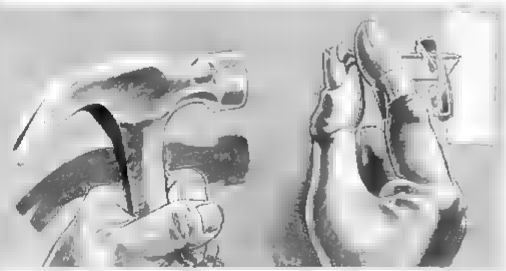
With about 50% of the population owning their own homes (in partnership with some banks), and with the cost of labor and materials sky high, the "home repair" problem has become a gigantic one. The tendency these days is to "do it yourself and save!" So we prepared the following article to help the situation. Mainly, you may not want to try it once you read . . .



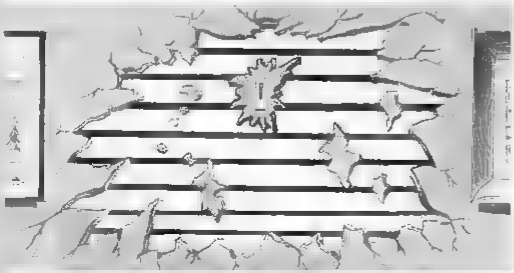
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

HOW TO FASTEN OBJECTS TO WALLS

(WITHOUT CRACKING THE PLASTER)



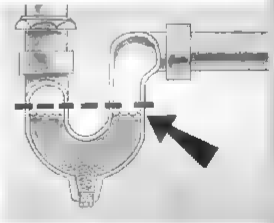
To fasten object to wall without cracking plaster, place adhesive or cellophane tape over spot where nail is to go.



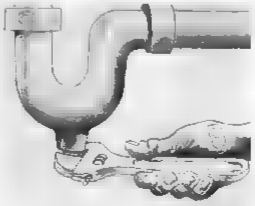
Drive nail through adhesive or cellophane tape. Note how tape prevents plaster from cracking directly beneath it.

HOW TO CLEAR CLOGGED SINK DRAIN

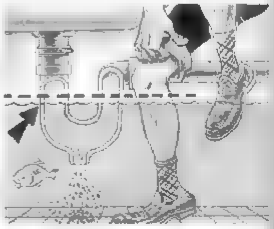
If chemicals, snake, or the plumber's friend fails to unclog sink drain, trouble is usually in the sink trap.



Clever sink trap works on principle that water seeks its own level, preventing odors from entering kitchen.



However, "U" shape tends to collect dirt, which blocks drainage. Use a wrench to remove plug at base of trap.

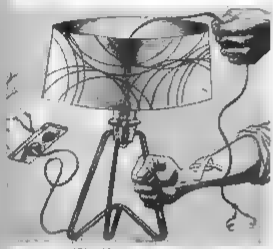


Dirt will be released. Also odors. Also plenty of water, and you'll see clearly how water seeks its own level.

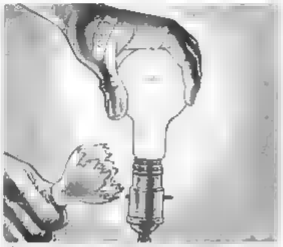
HOW TO REPAIR A DEFECTIVE LAMP

(1) An ordinary lamp socket is easily removed from its shell by depressing side of cap gently, and pulling up.

(2) Check for loose wires. If none, socket is probably defective. Remove it, and replace with a new socket.



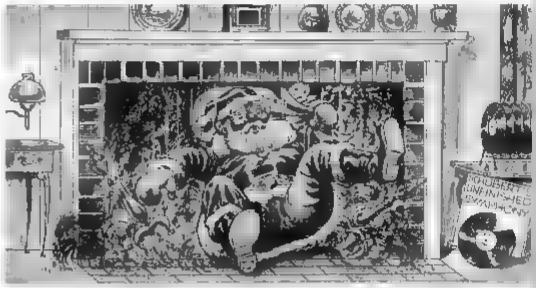
(3) If lamp still does not work, the wire is probably defective. Remove it, and replace it with a new wire.



(4) If lamp still does not work, check if bulb's burnt out. That's usually what's wrong in the first place!

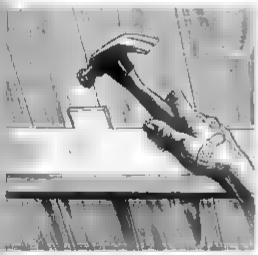
HOW TO CLEAN A BLOCKED CHIMNEY

Tie weighted bag or tire chains to end of rope and lower into chimney. Shake the rope gently, hauling up and down.

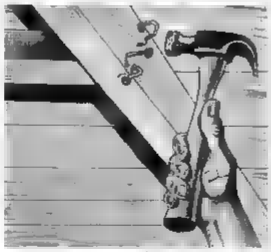


This will effectively loosen dirt, soot, and those other obstructions that may have been blocking up your chimney.

HOW TO ELIMINATE A SQUEAKY FLOOR

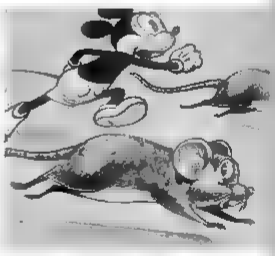


Locate squeaky area and drive wedges between floor joists and all loose boards.



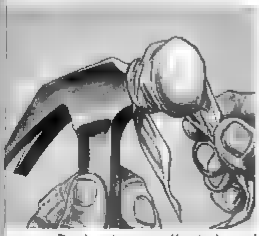
Drive finishing nails into 2 x 4 below, through squeaking boards, at sharp angle.

Nail length of 2 x 4 firmly against underside of floor boards in the squeaky area.

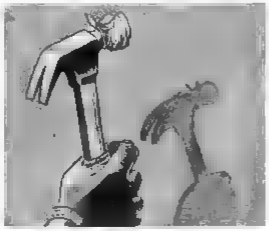


Squeaking will stop because all that pounding frightens off mice living under floor.

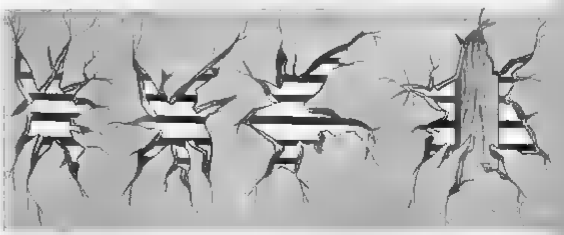
HOW TO LOCATE A STUD BEHIND A WALL



To locate a wall stud, pad head of hammer with cloth.

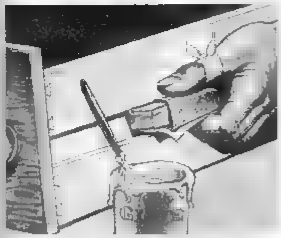


Begin tapping along a wall, listening closely to sound.

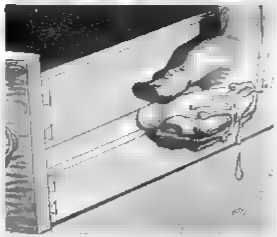


Spaces between studs emit hollow booming sound. When you hear dull muffled sound, you've finally located the stud.

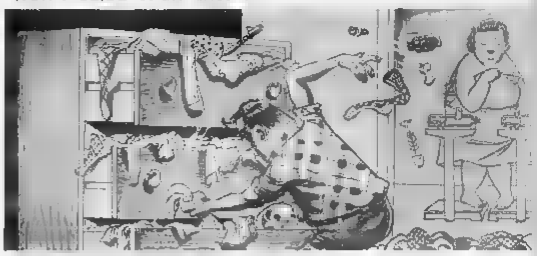
HOW TO REPAIR A DRAWER THAT WON'T SLIDE OPEN EASILY



A stubborn sticking drawer many need sanding. If this does not cure trouble, all joints should be re-glued.

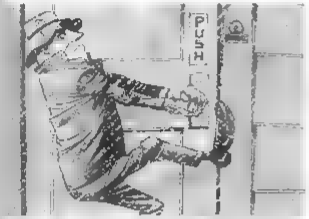


If drawer still sticks, see if bottom has slipped from grooves. Replace, and rub paraffin on sliding parts.



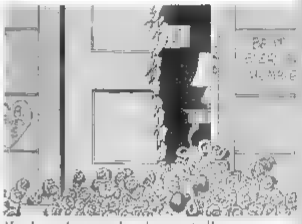
If drawer still won't slide open easily, try throwing out all the extra clothes and junk you've gathered in it over the years. You'll see how smoothly it'll work after that!

HOW TO RELEASE A STICKING DOOR



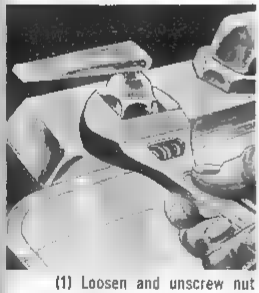
If prolonged periods of rain or damp weather cause a door to stick so bad it can't be opened, here's what to do:

Wedge door in open position and use a plane to shave down excess wood. Make sure you shave enough to release door.

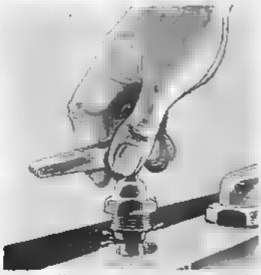


If shaved enough, door won't stick any more. If shaved too much, door won't even have to be opened any more.

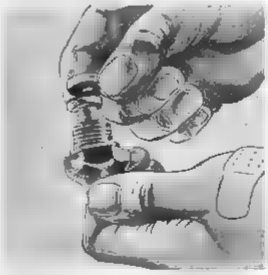
HOW TO REPAIR A LEAKY FAUCET



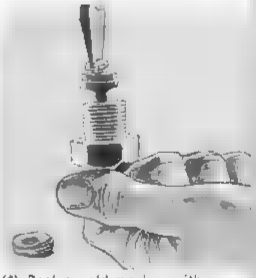
(1) Loosen and unscrew nut located under faucet handle.



(2) Remove faucet assembly by turning counterclockwise.

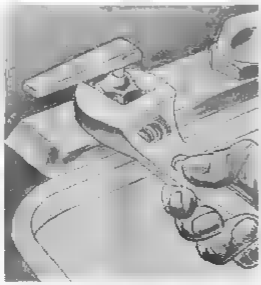


(3) Take out worn washer by removing screw securing it.

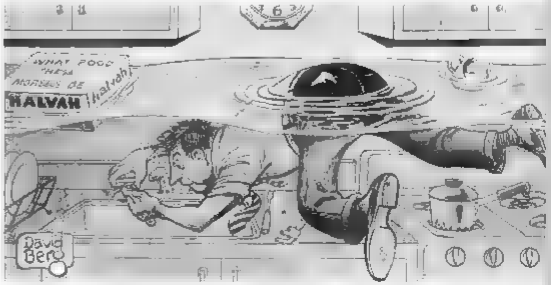


(4) Replace old washer with new one. Replace old screw.

(5) Replace faucet assembly by turning unit clockwise.

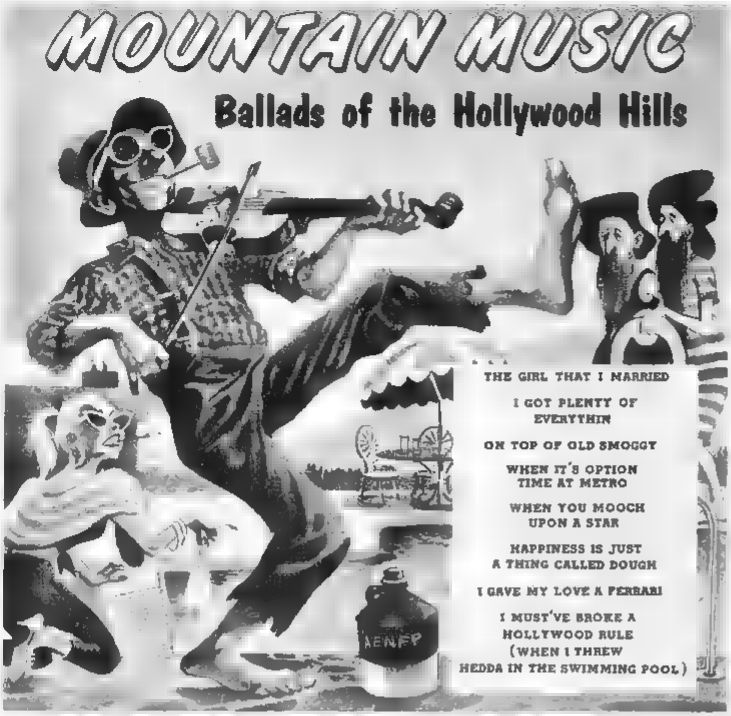


(6) Rescrew and tighten nut located under faucet handle.



Oh, yes! We forgot to tell you! . . . . Make sure that you shut off the water first, before you start fooling around!

RIGHT AWAY, THESE CLOWNS GOT THE BRIGHT IDEA TO COME OUT WITH THE "KING-SIZE" CIGARETTE!



TURKEYS IN THE CRAW DEPT.

The sudden renewed inte
the United States has tou
by singers and recording co
long-forgotten songs and b
look an easy chance to ma
offers the following recor
folk songs, which we stole fr
All kidding aside, gang, w
after scouring the Hinter
on the spot where Mr. Hi
wrote them!) Here, then, is

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MAD'S MODERN

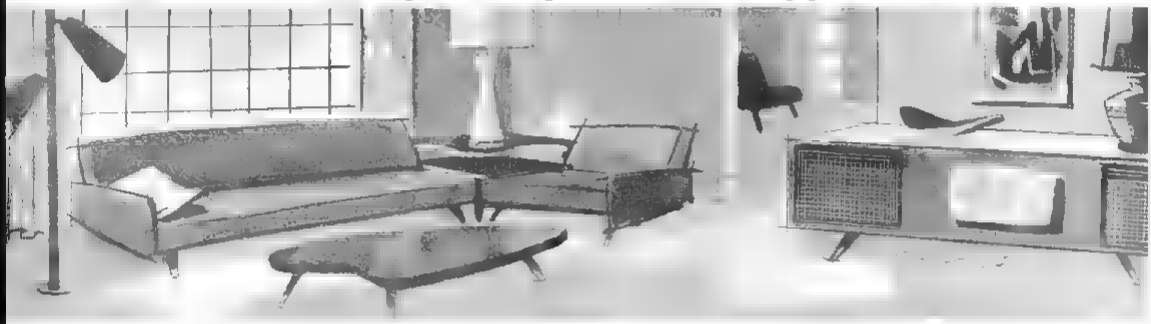
rest in folk music here in
ched off a frantic search
mpanies for more of these
allads. Never ones to over-
ake a fast buck, MAD now
d albums of authentic old
om some authentic old folks.
m found these folk songs
ands. (We just happened
nter buried them after he
a genuine, collection of...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

FOLK MUSIC

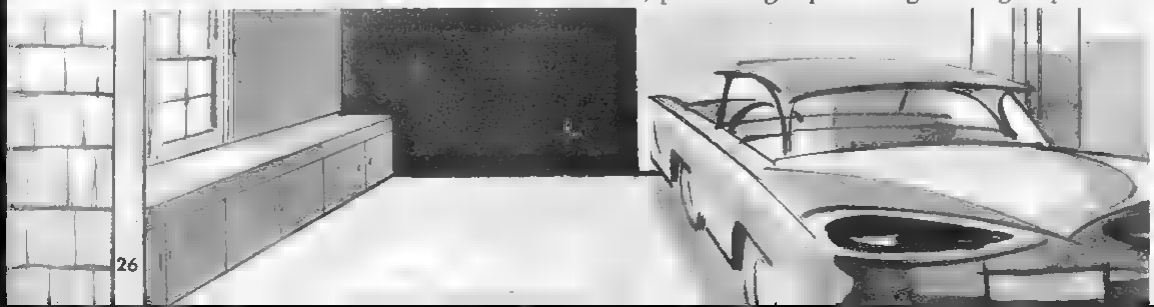
All the while the Smedleys skimped and saved, they planned their spacious

THE LIVING ROOM . . . A spacious arrangement for entertaining guests in relaxed, open comfort.



THE FAMILY ROOM...A playroom-den with a designated place for every imaginable toy and game.

THE GARAGE . . . A sizeable enclosure for a car, plus storage space for gardening implements.



THE "KING-SIZE" CIGARETTE WORKED PRETTY GOOD . . . UNTIL YOU SMOKED IT DOWN TO A REGULAR-SIZE CIGARETTE AND YOU STARTED GETTING THE SAME OLD IRRITATING SMOKE!

This is the story of the "Smedleys," a typical American family living in a tiny, overcrowded apartment (at left) dreaming of the day they could save enough money to buy a home of their own . . . a dream home with plenty of . . .

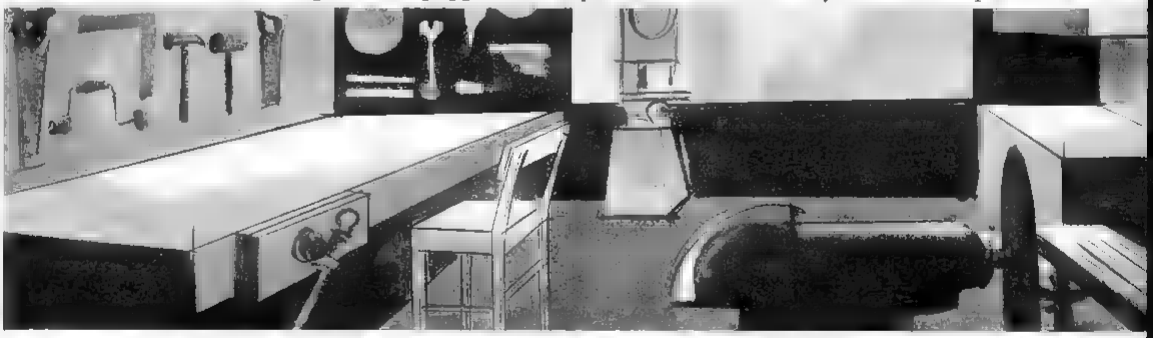
LIVING SPACE

Dream House. And here's how it shaped up in the Architect's drawings . . .

THE KITCHEN . . . A carefully-planned layout, including roomy work-areas, ample cabinet space.

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE WORKSHOP . . . A large, well-equipped "do-it-yourself" unit for every conceivable project.

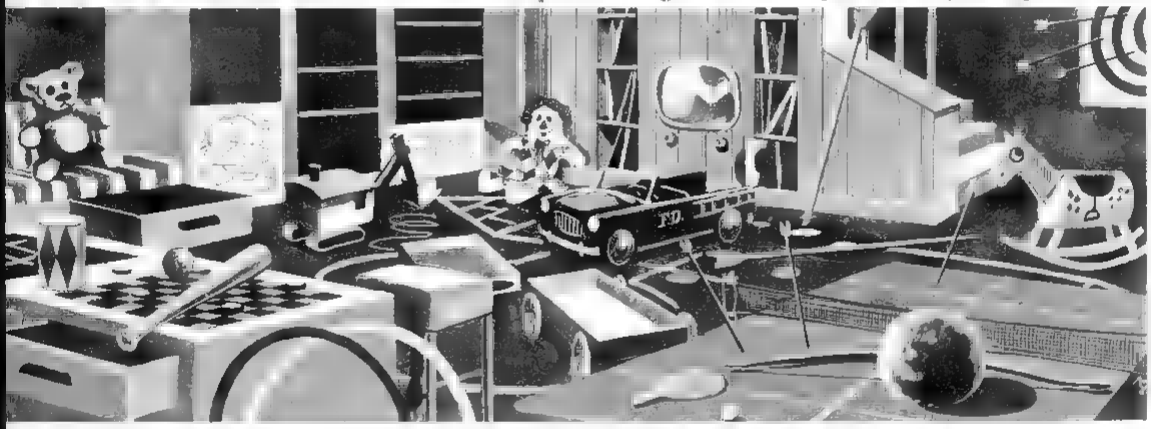


THE BASEMENT . . . Extensive areas for an efficient home laundry and other modern appliances.

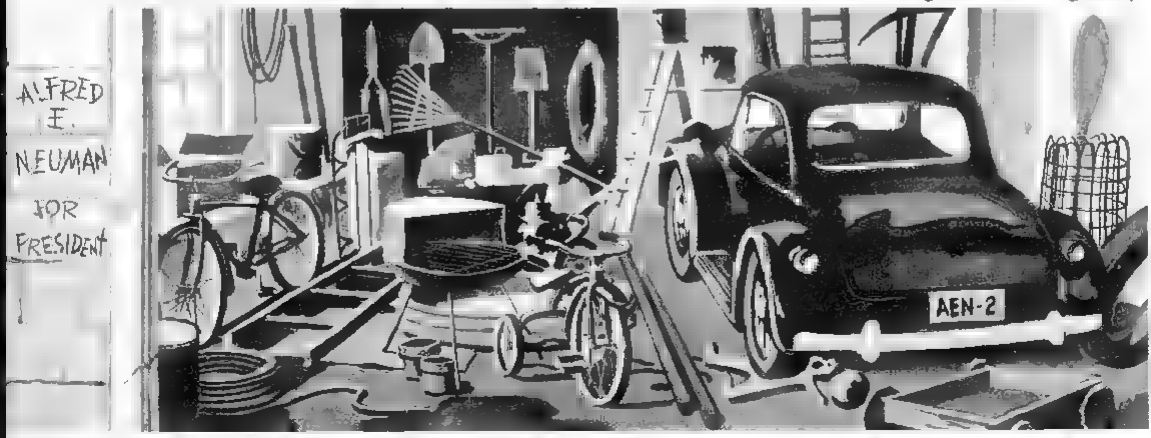
THE SMEDLEYS FINALLY BUILT THEIR DREAM HOUSE, AND MOVED IN. NOW, IT'S A

THE LIVING ROOM . . . They've furnished it to the fullest with a collection of fake antiques.

THE FAMILY ROOM . . . It's next to impossible to get the kids to put them toys and games back.



THE GARAGE . . . Several extra items have to be stored that weren't figured on originally.



 IN OTHER WORDS, LIVING SPACE IS SOMETHING THAT PEOPLE TEND TO FILL UP AS

FEW YEARS LATER! LET'S SEE HOW THEY'RE ENJOYING ALL THAT LIVING SPACE...

THE KITCHEN . . . With rushed meals and coffee-klatching, there's no time to put things away.

THE WORKSHOP . . . When it comes to "do-it-yourself", Pop has no time to "clean-it-himself".

THE BASEMENT . . . Since there's no living space in the rest of the house, Mom relaxes here.

QUICKLY AS THEY CAN! AND AFTER THAT, THINGS ARE JUST AS CROWDED AS EVER!

CASH 'N CAROL DEPT.

Every year about this time, the song writers in Tin Pan Alley come up with a brand new bunch of Christmas songs. Most of these songs are heard a few hundred times, and then they're never heard of again. And there's a good reason for this. Mainly, they're lousy! The other day, we were walking behind a famous song publisher when he happened to drop a package. We picked it up, opened it, and found . . . you guessed it . . . dirty laundry! But on the outside wrapping were scribbled the lyrics to these . . .

SURE-FIRE 1959 Christmas Songs

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

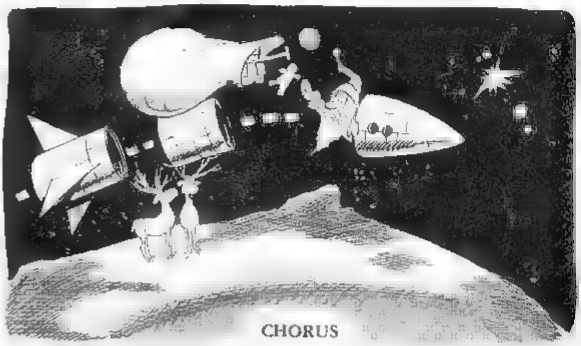
Here Comes Santa in his 3-Stage Rocket!

(Through The Troposphere)

VERSE

You can talk of all your missiles
Like the Jupiter and Thor,
Like the Atlas and the Titan
And so many, many more;

But on Christmas Eve there's gonna
Be an awful big surprise;
'Cause that's when "The Santa Rocket"
Will be zooming through the skies!



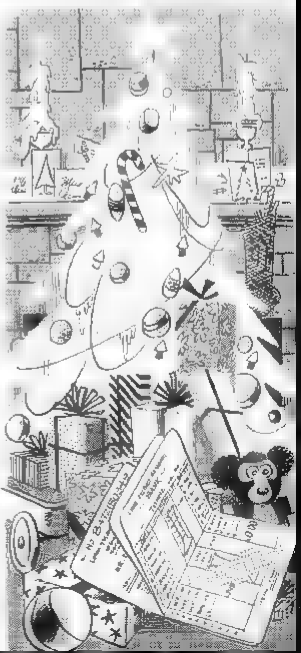
CHORUS

Here comes Santa in his 3-stage rocket
Through the troposphere!
It goes so fast you can hardly clock it;
No more slow reindeer!

So, kids, you needn't bother waiting
For St. Nick tonight!
He went so fast, he's now rotating
As a SANTALLITE!

The Things I Love at Christmas

The cards that come unsigned;
The ads that rot my mind;
The string of lights that blows
the cellar fuse;
The gifts that come to me
Delivered C.O.D.;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!
The mobbed department stores,
With small revolving doors
That give my eye its yearly
purple bruise;
The wrappings that come loose;
The lamp made from a moose;
These are the things I love
at Christmas!
That pair of yellow hose, dear;
Those green and scarlet ties;
And all those other clothes, dear,
That somehow miss my size!
The eighty times they play
"White Christmas" every day;
That feeling of good will
I always lose;
The savings that are gone
Because we're overdrawn:
These are the things I love
at Christmas!



Christmas in Biloxi

VERSE
Don't make me go
To Kokomo,
Seattle, Troy, or Boston!
Don't send me back
To Fond du Lac,
Duluth, Cheyenne, or Austin!
Don't steer me down
To Allentown,
Des Moines, Detroit, or Asheville!
Don't point the way
To San José,
Columbus, Butte, or Nashville!

I want to spend my Christmas where
There's Cornpone, Grits and Moxie;
So put me on that Dixie plane
And fly me to Biloxi!

CHORUS

Christmas in Biloxi,
With fritters toastin',
And possums roastin',
For you I care!

Christmas in Biloxi,
With turnips fryin',
And buzzards flyin',
All through the air!

I choke up deep inside
when I extoll yuh!
I'd cut off my right arm
for some magnolia!

Christmas in Biloxi
Corn likker yeastin',
Boll weevils feastin',
Take me back there!

The Christmas Mambo

Pick up a wreath
(Cha cha cha)
With your front teeth
(Cha cha cha)
And you're doing
(Cha cha cha)
The Christmas Mambo!

Mix an Eggnog
(Cha cha cha)
With the Yule Log
(Cha cha cha)
And you're doing
(Cha cha cha)
The Christmas Mambo!

It's easy,
Exciting,
And exotic!
(Cha cha cha)
You're looking
Extremely
Idiotic!
(Cha cha cha)

Now look at me
(Cha cha cha)
Knock down the tree
(Cha cha cha)
Because I did
(Tch tch tch)
The Christmas Mambo!

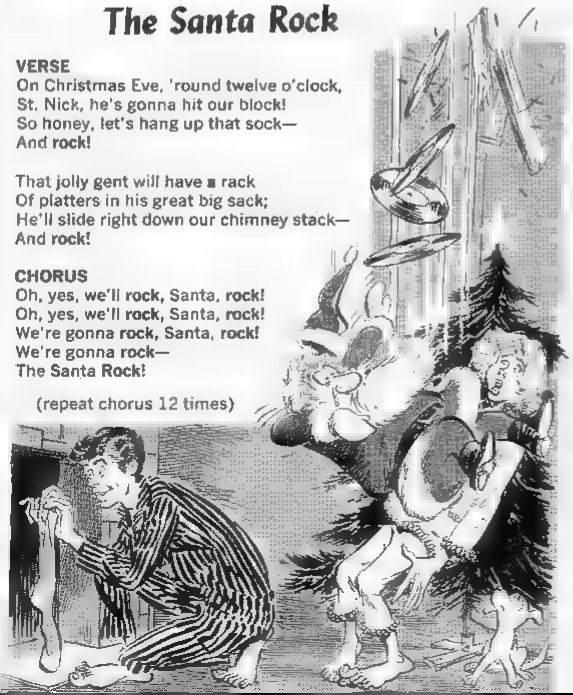
The Santa Rock

VERSE
On Christmas Eve, 'round twelve o'clock,
St. Nick, he's gonna hit our block!
So honey, let's hang up that sock—
And **rock!**

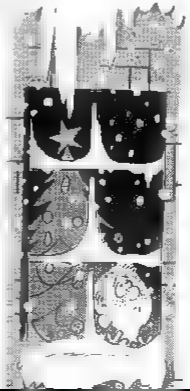
That jolly gent will have a rack
Of platters in his great big sack;
He'll slide right down our chimney stack—
And **rock!**

CHORUS
Oh, yes, we'll **rock**, Santa, **rock!**
Oh, yes, we'll **rock**, Santa, **rock!**
We're gonna **rock**, Santa, **rock!**
We're gonna **rock**—
The Santa **Rock!**

(repeat chorus 12 times)



Santa Is Caught In Our Chimney!



Oh, goodness! Oh, gracious! Oh, golly! Oh, gee!
I wonder what all the commotion can be!
Someone is shouting and cursing at me!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

He's sweating and fuming and screaming out loud!
And soon he will gather a very big crowd!
Such terrible language should not be allowed!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

His coat is all dirty and covered with dust!
He's coughing and choking and full of disgust!
I think his suspenders are starting to bust!
Why, Santa is caught in our chimney!

I fear that his temper is starting to show!
His nose is all red and his cheeks are aglow!
Perhaps I should put out the fire below!
Cause Santa is caught in our chimney!

DOUBLE-CROSS EXPOSURE DEPT.

As far back as we can remember (meaning last week, which is as far back as we can remember), magazines, newspapers, and television have been using "Before" and "After" advertising. These are ads where they show a picture of some clod *before* using a product, and the same clod *after* using the product. Usually, the *after* picture is so phonied up, and the changes are so fantastic, that there's really no connection with the *before* picture they started with. So — because we hate leaving ill-enough alone — we hired a private eye, dressed him in an Ivy League suit, and turned him loose on Madison Avenue. And now, MAD presents the results of his investigation — documentary proof — our unvarnished, unbelievable, and absolutely unnecessary report which reveals . . .

THE TRUTH ABOUT "BEFORE" AND "AFTER" ADS

THE REDUCING

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" photo shows frowsy woman weighing 369 lbs. standing before share-cropper's shack located in poorer section of city garbage dump. Besides being overweight, she suffers from acne, baldness, and taking fuzzy pictures.

THE SLEEPING

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" scene shows baggy-eyed man tossing sleeplessly on rickety bed. His pajamas are wrinkled, the sheets are torn and dirty, and the room furniture is old and dingy. It looks like this guy hasn't slept in two or three years.

COURSE AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

"AFTER" photo shows same woman slimmed down to 118 lbs. Potato sack has turned into Dior original, and she's not only lost her weight, she's lost her address. Now stands before $50,000 house with swimming pool and Cadillac.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

REAL "AFTER" photo from MAD's file shows woman lost exactly 8 lbs. This just makes potato sack look baggier. Only other change is that share-cropper's shack has begun settling into ooze. So is woman. She's still pretty hefty.

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: SY REIT

PILL AD

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

"AFTER" scene shows same man sleeping soundly. He now wears silk pajamas, bed has contour sheets, and room is refurnished in Swedish Modern. Sleeping pills' secret ingredient, "pancake make-up", has erased bags under eyes.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD's file shows that sleeping pills actually do work. Man fell fast asleep, missed work, got fired, lost mortgaged home, was divorced by his wife, and now spends life sleeping in skid row doorways.

THE HOME PERMANENT AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" picture shows seedy-looking girl wearing seedy-looking dress attending dance in seedy-looking school gym. Friends group around, laughing and jeering at her because she's got drab, lifeless hair. She's miserable and unhappy.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

"AFTER" picture shows same girl at next dance with her new home permanent. She's now a social success. In fact, she's now Queen of England. Gym resembles Westminster Abbey. Friends, led by Sal Mineo, all kneel at her feet.

THE EYE MAKE-UP AD

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" shot shows girl in rags scowling in mirror. She suffers from "no eye make-upitis". The symptoms are obvious. She has wrinkled eyes. She also has a wrinkled forehead, a wrinkled nose, and mainly wrinkled teeth.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

"AFTER" shot shows amazing results of eye make-up. Girl has turned into fashion model. Mirror has turned into ships porthole. Mop has turned into Ricky Nelson. Guy who makes eye make-up has turned into millionaire.

THE "FILTER" WAS SUPPOSED TO TRAP ALL THE HARMFUL IRRITANTS OUT OF THE SMOKE!

THE TOOTHPASTE AD

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

REAL "AFTER" picture, from MAD file, shows that home permanents really work. Girl now has beautiful hair. But friends still group around, laughing and jeering at her because now she's got dishpan hands from taking too many.

MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

REAL "AFTER" shot indicates application of eye make-up has indeed caused change. Girl is still miserable—but now sports two beautiful shiners given to her by an older sister, whose mascara and eye make-up she swiped.

TYPICAL "BEFORE" PICTURE

"BEFORE" scene shows shabby bum who obviously needs a job. Also a bath. Man is suffering from unsightly teeth. Man is also suffering from strange disease which causes concentric rings to emanate from his mouth as he breathes.

TYPICAL "AFTER" PICTURE

"AFTER" scene shows results of single brushing. Teeth sparkle. Man has new suit of clothes, and new job as top State Dept. official, as mouth rings are gone, and protective shield covers teeth, keeping him from talking sense.

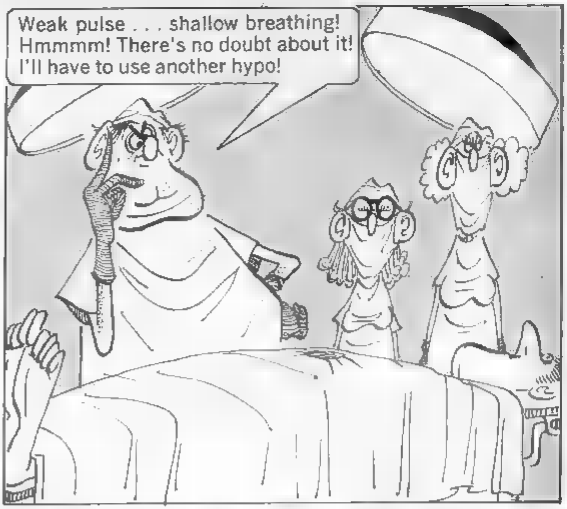
MAD REAL "AFTER PICTURE"

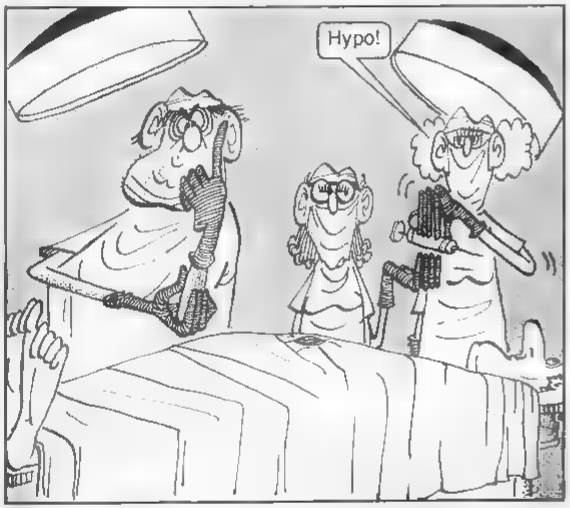
REAL "AFTER" scene from MAD file shows that invisible protective shield really prevents decay. It also prevents food from entering mouth, so man starves to point where he ends up as "before" in "I was a 97 pound weakling!" ad.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

After Don Martin walked out on "The Brain Operation" (pg. 15), he found it increasingly difficult to keep from blowing his top . . . mainly because it wasn't nailed down! So it didn't take long before he found himself back . . .

IN SURGERY



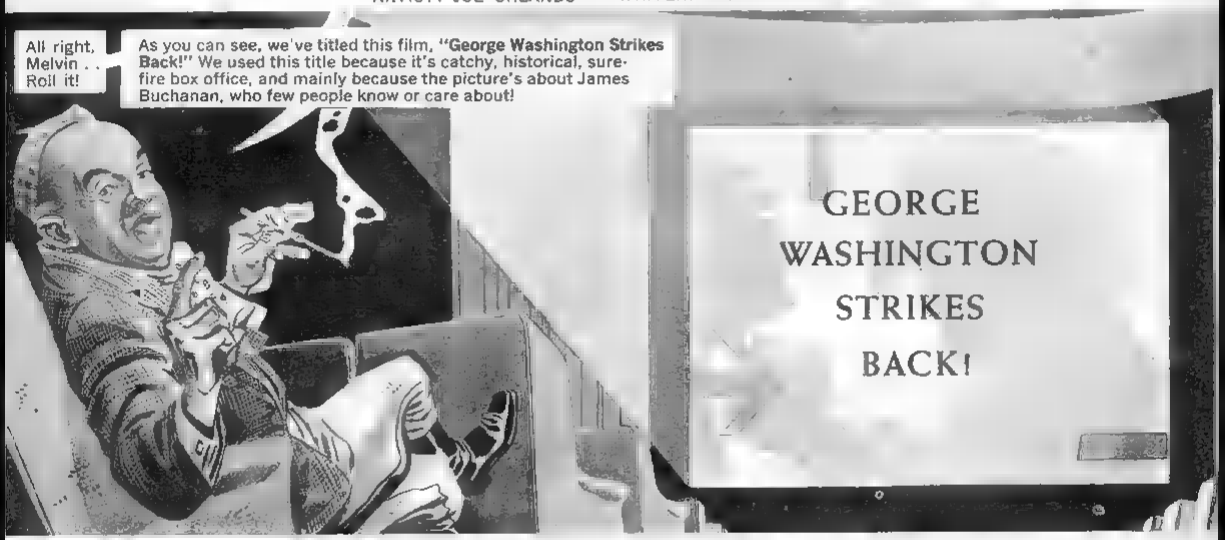


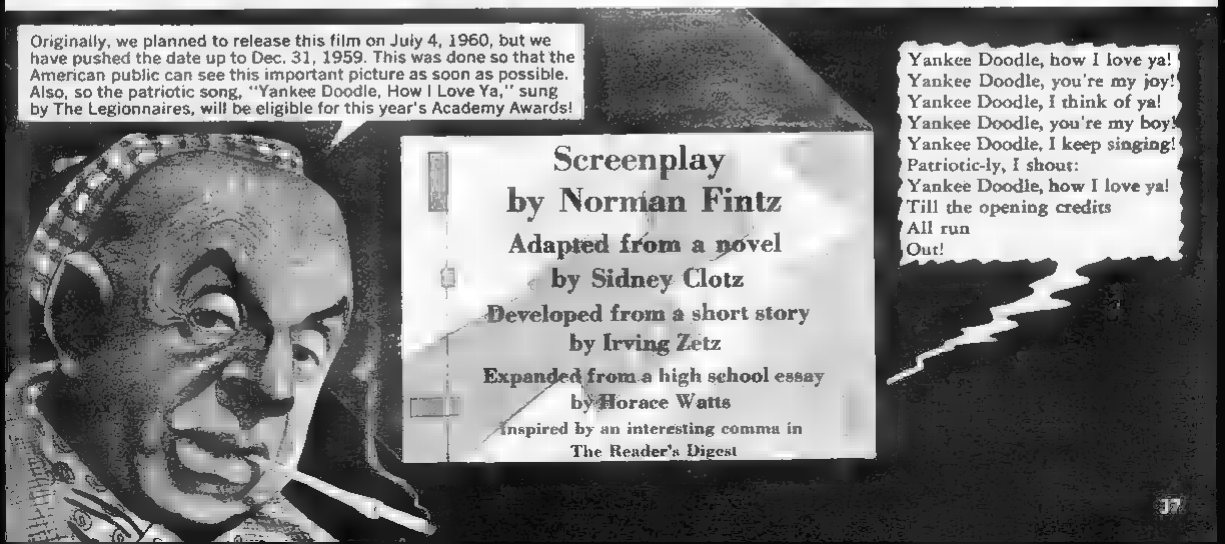
35mm HISTRIONICS DEPT.

The other day, we went to see a movie called "John Paul Jones." Yeccchh! Did you ever notice how, in historical films, short homely American heroes are always played by tall handsome actors? How historical figures who never met are close friends? How the actors playing these historical figures do nothing but run around shouting famous slogans? How they show up at events the real heroes never even took part in? How the dates of these events are often confused? We got to wondering about the psychology and motivation behind Hollywood historical movies. So we asked our good friend, producer Darryl F. Sfortz, to give us a private screening of his latest historical film, together with his private analysis. Come along with us now as . . .

MAD GOES TO A HISTORICAL MOVIE PREVIEW

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





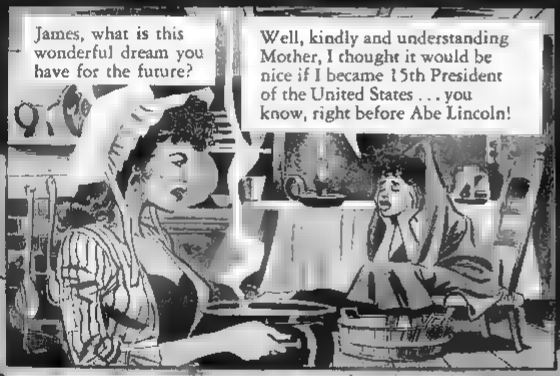
All historical films must have an acknowledgment at the beginning. It looks impressive, adds prestige, and covers up the fact that we really got our historical data from bubble gum cards and back issues of "History Comics!"

We open the picture with James Buchanan as a boy. As you can see, he's wearing rags. In all historical films, for dramatic purposes, the hero must start off as a poor boy—even if he were really rich!

WE WISH TO THANK THE U.S. ARMY, THE U.S. NAVY, THE PRESIDENT, THE SECY. OF STATE, REAR ADM. WILLIAM ABISCH, THE JERSEY CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF MISS ZINN'S HISTORY CLASS AT POTRZEBIE HIGH SCHOOL EXCEPT SEYMOUR GETZOFF WHO WAS ABSENT, FOR THEIR INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN THE FILMING OF THIS MOTION PICTURE.

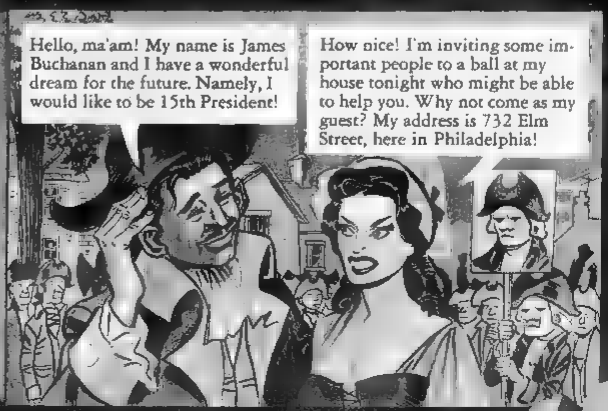
In all historical films, our hero **always** has a wonderful dream for the future. He also always has a kindly and understanding mother . . .

Notice how subtly we worked that in? That, of course, is the pivotal point of the film. And immediately, the tension is heightened. But it's still early in the picture, so our hero must continue to be discouraged, even by his kindly and understanding mother . . .



So much for James Buchanan's boyhood. And about time, too! It took a month to film, and our No. 1 box office star: tall, handsome Lance Boyle, who plays Buchanan as a man, collected $5000 a week for doing nothing. Lance, as you know, is a perfect choice for James Buchanan as a man—mainly because he doesn't look anything like him! You may recall that Lance played Napoleon, Caesar, Nostradamus, Sun Yat-Sen, Betsy Ross, and Abe Lincoln. Matter of fact, he wore his Lincoln makeup for this film. All we did was remove the high hat, mole and beard!

Now, here's the big scene where young James meets pretty Daisy DuPont, his bride-to-be. Actually, there never was a Daisy DuPont. In fact, Buchanan never married. We threw her in for historical reasons. So we could get sexy shots for our newspaper ads!



In historical films, you must bring in historical events whenever you can. But you must do it subtly, so the audience doesn't expect it. Like this, for example:

Oh, excuse me, gentlemen! I didn't mean to disturb you while you're busy signing the Declaration of Independence, especially since this is 1813 and you're a little late! Could anybody tell me how to get to 732 Elm Street?

Write down the directions for him, John Hancock!

There! Even old King George will be able to read that!

Now we come to the big ballroom scene. Ballroom scenes are very important in historical films, because you have a wonderful chance to show off notable figures in history, you can get in plenty of famous slogans, and you can do a lot of impressive name-dropping . . .

Hello, Miss Dupont! Remember me? James Buchanan, with the wonderful dream for the future!

Why, hello, Mr. Buchanan! I'd like you to meet Mr. Benjamin Franklin! Ben writes clever proverbs for Poor Richard's Almanac!

Nice meeting you, Buchanan! A miss is as good as a mile! Many hands make light work! Rolling stones gather no moss!

Tom! TOM JEFFERSON! Where is that man?

You know, Miss Fritchie, I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country!

That's nice, Nathan, but shouldn't we be doing the minuet?

Doctor Livingstone, I presume?

You have an honest face, Abe where do you live . . .

Well, my Gettysburg Address is: 4 score and 7 years ago . . .

And what is *your* opinion of War, Gen. Sherman . . . ?

Reverend, war is hell . . . er, heck . . . er-well, it's not nice at all!

And what will you call this magazine of yours, Tom Paine?

I dunno . . . *Life, Look, Common Sense* . . . something like that!

Can I give you something, Mr. Henry?

Yes, give me liberty or give me death!

Say it ain't so, Joe . . . !

And now for the dramatic historic meeting between James Buchanan and John Paul Jones, which should really cause quite a stir among the movie-going public. Mainly because Jones died when Buchanan was one year old!

Now watch how cleverly we work up to a dandy action-type climax in what ordinarily could have been a very dull historical film.

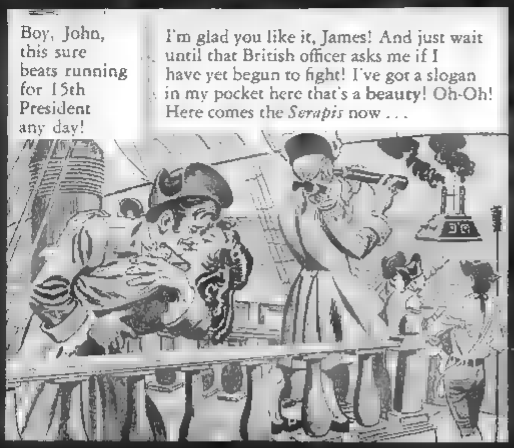
Tell me, Mr. Jones, why is it you don't shout famous slogans like the others here?

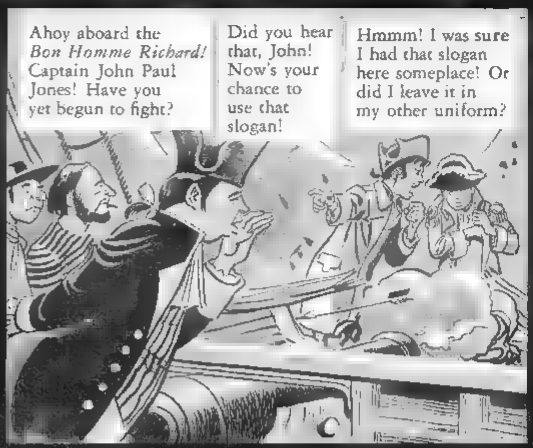
Actually, I do have a slogan, which is a lulu! But I'm saving it for a dramatic moment later. Just wait until a certain British naval officer asks me if I have yet begun to fight. Just wait . . . that's all!

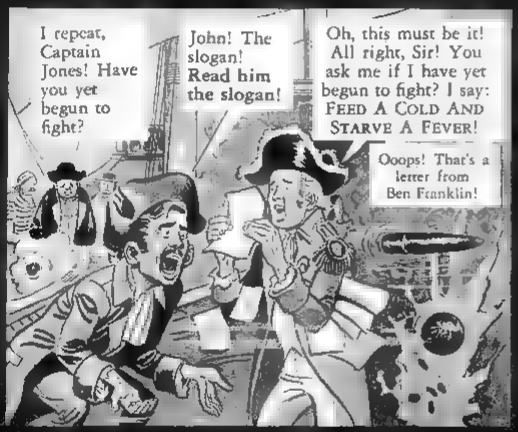
Matter of fact, Buchanan, there's a peach of a sea battle coming up tomorrow between my ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and the English ship, *Serapis*. Why not join me on board? You will be able to hear me shout my famous slogan!

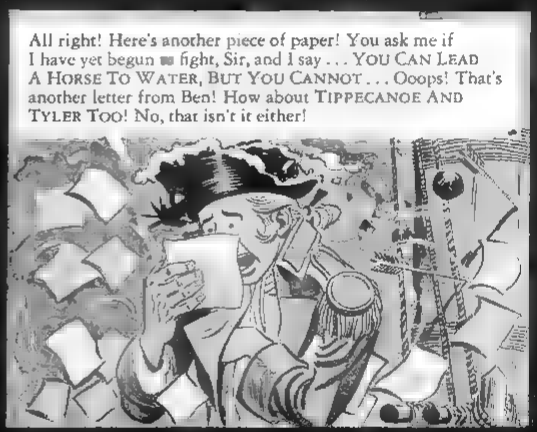
Well, I did plan on becoming 15th President, but I suppose that can wait a few days. Besides, this sounds more exciting!

Now for the thrilling climax! Watch it carefully, and enjoy it. Meanwhile, I've got to leave. We're starting to film "Son of George Washington" this afternoon. As you know, it's the thrilling story of the life of Calvin Coolidge! So, goodbye! And . . . oh, yes . . . make sure that you put out the lights when you leave . . .









SO THEN THESE CLOWNS CAME OUT WITH THE "DOUBLE FILTER!" THE EXTRA FILTER WAS SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE HARMFUL INGREDIENTS FROM REACHING THE ORIGINAL FILTER!

We picked up an early edition of our daily paper a few weeks back, and were shocked to read that the Queen Elizabeth had been in one heck of a big collision with another ship. However, when we read a later edition of the same paper, we noted a change in the story. Mainly, it wasn't such a heckuva big collision after all! In fact, it was not much more than a paint scratch! Which got us pretty sore! Not about the collision. About the fact that newspapers sure change news from one edition to the next! F'rinstance, here is a typical newspaper's early edition, which is called

THE FIRST EDITION

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

★ FIRST EDITION ★

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

Fair today and tonight. High in the 70's, low 60.

Vol. 46, No. 315 November 2, 1959 Price: 8 Cents

MASS SLAYER, 8 OTHERS ESCAPE SING SING

Convicted mass-murderer, Mike Mosholu (above) and 8 other kill-crazy prisoners broke out of Sing Sing Prison today. The dangerous men were reported to have made their escape in a departing garbage truck. Mosholu is believed to be the gang leader.

TYCOON'S SON MISSING: KIDNAPPING IS FEARED

By Hermione Zitzlaff
(Daily Splash Correspondent)

FLYSCRATCH, Tenn., Nov. 2—Little Melvin Sternwallow, son of millionaire, Elihu Sternwallow, is missing and presumed kidnapped. The boy has not been seen since early yesterday.

Melvin's distraught parents told this reporter that the boy left the house yesterday to see some friends. A neighbor, Miss Sophie Frimp, revealed today that she'd noticed a mysterious man in a black jacket loitering near the Sternwallow mansion yesterday. Police working on the case were given an accurate description by Miss Frimp. So far, this is the only important clue turned up in the investigation.

Melvin is the sole heir to the Sternwallow fortune. His father, known as the "Cut-Rate King," is owner of several factories manufacturing war-surplus items, including the famous "Veeblefetzer."

Police believe that the family's wealth may have been an important factor behind the kidnapping. However, no ransom notes have as yet been received.

Dinner to Honor Daily SPLASH Staff

The reporters, correspondents, and editorial staff of The DAILY SLASH will be honored tonight at a special dinner to be given by the publisher, Otto Culpepper. The staff will be cited for its excellent coverage of local, national and international news.

Special mention will be made of the many exclusive news stories gathered by The SPLASH reporters and correspondents throughout the years.

CAIRO DESTROYED BY ATOMIC ATTACK!

BULLETIN *(Special to The Daily Splash)* Cairo, the capital of Egypt and one of the world's great cities, lies in ruins today. A report received in The DAILY SPLASH newsroom indicates that a tremendous blast has wiped this ancient city off the face of the map.

According to a reliable source, an atomic bomb was the probable cause of the destruction. It is not known as yet who was responsible for the bombing, or the reasons behind it.

In Washington, U.S. officials were expected to issue statements regarding the bombing at any moment. Forthcoming announcements are also expected from Moscow, London, and the U.N. Headquarters here in New York.

The report did not indicate how many people have died as a result of the blast. The fate of Egyptian leader Gamel Abdel Nasser is also uncertain. Several attempts by this newspaper to contact its correspondents in Cairo, so that more facts could be learned, have met only with failure.

In any case, The DAILY SPLASH predicts that this bombing is likely to change the entire course of the Cold War.

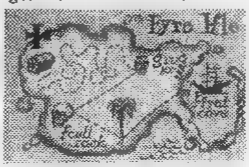
GOLD DISCOVERED IN ARIZONA!

By Monroe Pippit
(Daily Splash Correspondent)

HOGSHEAD, Ariz. Nov. 1—Gold was discovered near Hogshead today, in an old abandoned mine long believed played out. A huge nugget, part of a rich lode, was spotted early this morning by Hiram Filbrick, who owns a farm nearby.

Although early reports supply little information, it is believed that the rich gold strike will bring thousands of prospectors into the area. A reliable source states that the newly discovered vein may stretch for miles.

As a result of his discovery, Filbrick will probably become one of the richest men in the state. At today's prices, an ounce of pure gold is worth about $35.00.



Site of big Arizona gold strike

Air Traffic Heavy Over Boston

BOSTON, Mass. Nov. 8 *(Special to The Splash)* — The amount of air traffic over Boston was unusually heavy today, according to local Boston officials.

THE "DOUBLE FILTER" WORKED PRETTY GOOD, TOO . . . UNTIL THE CIGARETTE BURNED DOWN, AND THE EXTRA FILTER STARTED BURNING, AND YOU GOT MUCH MORE HARMFUL IRRITANTS!

After the First Edition hits the streets, a newspaper then finds it has two very important things to do. One—it has to come up with some fresh news, even if there doesn't happen to be any! And two—it has to change all the mistakes it made in the First Edition! This is done by adding late information, subtracting misinformation, and then coming out with

THE SECOND EDITION

★★ SECOND EDITION ★★

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

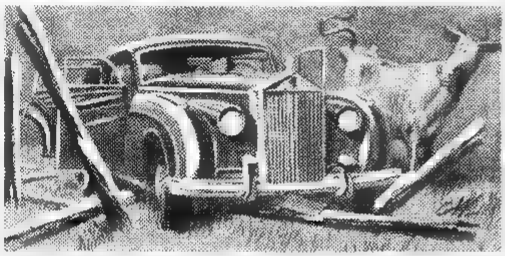
DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

Partly Cloudy today and tonight. High in the 60's, low 50-55.

Vol. 46, No. 315 | November 2, 1959 | Price: 5 Cents

STATEWIDE SEARCH ON FOR SING SING ESCAPEES



This abandoned automobile (above), found 35 miles north of Sing Sing Prison, is suspected of being the getaway car used by four convicts who reportedly vaulted the prison wall today. Mike Mosholu, previously believed to be the gang leader, was discovered in the prison hospital, suffering from the mumps.

F.B.I. TO BE SUMMONED IN KIDNAPPING CASE!

By Hermione Zitzlaff
(Daily Splash Correspondent)

FLYSCRATCH, Tenn. Nov. 2—The Federal Bureau of Investigation may be called in to help solve the Sternwallow kidnapping case, it was announced here today. But Police working on the case don't think so. Under the law, the F.B.I. can be summoned after 24 hours in a kidnapping.

Meanwhile, Police have checked out the "mysterious man in the black jacket" seen by a neighbor near the Sternwallow house yesterday. He turned out to be the boy's father, who was carrying out the garbage.

The whereabouts of young Melvin, missing since yesterday, has continued to baffle authorities. Investigation has revealed that the boy is no relation to Elihu Sternwallow, the millionaire manufacturer of war surplus goods. Melvin's father is Max Sternwallow, a cheesecake taster who makes $85 a week, when he's working. Police are expected to check their files for men with criminal records who are known cheesecake eaters, for a lead.

Publisher to Speak at Daily SPLASH Dinner

Otto Culpepper, publisher of The DAILY SPLASH, announced that he will address the special dinner to be given tonight honoring the newspaper's staff.

"I personally want to express my appreciation to the staff for The DAILY SPLASH's excellent coverage of the news," stated Culpepper. "This is the finest crew of reporters, correspondents and editors I have ever had the pleasure of working with."

WORLD AWAITS FATE OF BOMBED CAIRO

The entire world today awaited further details concerning the fate of Cairo, which was reported destroyed this morning. Apparently the blast, which may have been an atomic explosion, has crippled all radio and telegraph facilities in the Egyptian capital.

At all events, as of this moment, Cairo appears to be cut off from the rest of the world.

News of the holocaust, which was first carried by The DAILY SPLASH, has thrown the major powers into a state of cautious silence. As yet, no word has come from any of the world's important capitals. It is believed that both Washington and Moscow are waiting for the other to make the first comment.

It is not known who was responsible for the blast, or the reasons behind it. The DAILY SPLASH's military expert, General Howard Marlin, U.S.A. (ret.) suspects that a plane flying at an extremely high altitude could have bombed the city without being detected. He also offers the possibility that the bomb may have been an experimental Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) with an atomic warhead, which somebody launched accidentally.

ARIZ. GOLD STRIKE HUGE

by Monroe Pippit
(Daily Splash Correspondent)

HOGSHEAD, Ariz., Nov. [illegible] —The great Hogshead Gold Strike threatened to reach epic proportions today. Thousands of prospectors are expected to converge on this richly laden area momentarily. They will join farmer Hiram Filbrick who discovered a large vein of the yellow metal yesterday.

As a result of the early edition DAILY SPLASH scoop, revealing the rich find, hundreds of New Yorkers are reported leaving their jobs today and heading for Arizona. It is believed that the size of the Arizona strike will equal or surpass that of the great California bonanza of 1849. If so, then the onrush of gold-seekers will turn this quiet community of 37 into a roaring boom town.

Prospector leaves for Arizona

According to many old timers, this is the greatest day for Arizona since it became a state in 1912.

Boston Highways Jammed

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 2, *(Special to The Splash)* — Highways leading out of Boston have been unusually crowded today, local officials announced. The large amount of road traffic followed an earlier report of extremely heavy air traffic over the city.

According to [illegible]

After the Second Edition is distributed around the city, the newspaper gets one more chance to come up with some fresh news and correct all the mistakes it's made in the two earlier editions. This, of course, is twice as hard, since the mistakes in the First Edition have only been made worse in the Second Edition! But somehow, they always manage to publish

THE FINAL EDITION

★★★ FINAL EDITION ★★★

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

THE NEW YORK

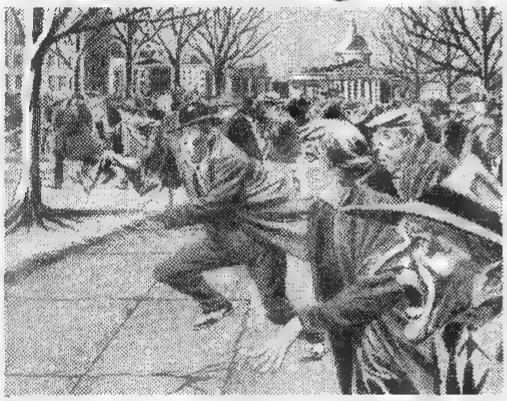
DAILY SPLASH

WEATHER

Rain tonight and tomorrow followed by hurricane winds.

Vol. 46, No. 315 | November 2, 1959 | Price: 5 Cents

MARTIANS INVADE BOSTON!



Tidal wave of terror as frantic Bostonians flee from Out-of-Space invaders across famed Boston Common.

THOUSANDS JAM HIGHWAYS AS FLYING SAUCERS LAND

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 2 *(AP)*—The entire population of Boston is fleeing for their lives today in the wake of a confirmed invasion from Mars.

Early reports indicate that highways leading out of the terrorized city are packed with panic-stricken men, women and children.

The Martians landed in force this morning, arriving in a fleet of flying saucers estimated at more than 1000. For several hours, the huge circular space crafts hovered over the city, blasting key points with destructive rays.

It is not known how many are dead as the result of this surprise attack but estimates run into the hundreds of thousands. The city is rapidly becoming a deserted, charred waste as every car, truck and bus capable of carrying people, heads out of the city.

The saucers, which landed at important street intersections, each carried an army of alien creatures. Each of these interplanetary invaders was armed with a death-dealing ray gun.

So far, Boston is the only city on Earth to be threatened by the Martian force. Every newspaper, and all TV and radio stations throughout the world were alerted to the danger this morning.

COUPLE ELOPES IN TENNESSEE

FLYSCRATCH, Tenn. Nov. 2 *(UP)*—Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hendershot today announced the marriage of their daughter, Fanny to Mr. Melvin Sternwallow, 35, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Sternwallow. The couple had eloped early yesterday.

SHORT CIRCUIT SETS OFF ALARM

OSSINING, N.Y., Nov. 2, *(AP)*—A short circuit accidentally set off the Sing Sing prison alarm here today, but officials reported there was no panic. The cause, a thumbtack holding up a pin-up picture of Vera Hruba Ralston, was quickly removed. There have been no escapes from Sing Sing Prison for the past four years.

DAILY SPLASH STAFF FIRED

The entire staff of The DAILY SPLASH was discharged today by Otto Culpepper, the newspaper's publisher. This includes the paper's editors, reporters and correspondents.

Culpepper stated that the reason for the mass-dismissal was "poor judgment in writing and editing news stories."

He also announced that the dinner tonight honoring The DAILY SPLASH staff had been called off.

CAIRO BEGINS CIVIC CENTER CONSTRUCTION

CAIRO, Ill., Nov. 2 *(AP)* — Workmen today began blasting operations as the City of Cairo, Illinois, inaugurated its program to tear down seventeen old tenements in preparation for the construction of a new Civic Center, to be completed in 1968.

FARMER FINDS GOLD TOOTH

HOGSHEAD, Ariz., Nov. 2 *(INS)* — Hiram Filbrick, owner of a small farm near here, found his missing gold tooth today, in an old abandoned mine. Filbrick, who had lost the tooth last week when he smacked into an old shoring timber in the mine, figures he was pretty lucky to find it at all. "It's pretty dark in there, y' know!" he stated.

Special mention will be made [illegible] Miss Sophie [illegible] today that [illegible]

Police believe that the family's wealth may [illegible]

A COOL YULE DEPT.

Back in the 19th Century, when Clement Moore wrote "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it was very popular among the younger set. Today's younger set, unfortunately, can't appreciate it because they speak a totally different language called "Hip Talk." So, in order to revive its popularity, here's

MAD'S UP-
The Night

OLD VERSION

A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

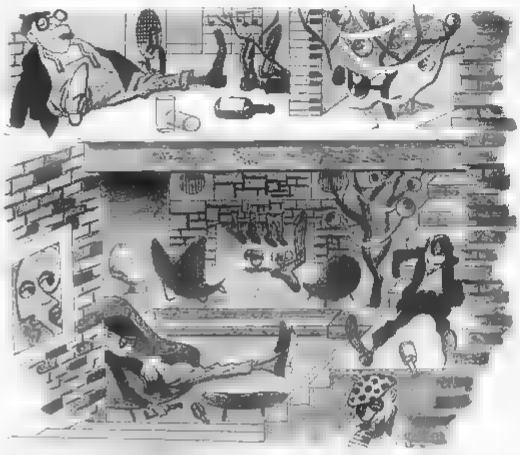
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter!
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On Cupid! On Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"



'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad
Not a hipster was swinging, not even old Dad;
The chimney was draped in that stocking routine,
In hopes that "The Fat Man" would soon make the scene;

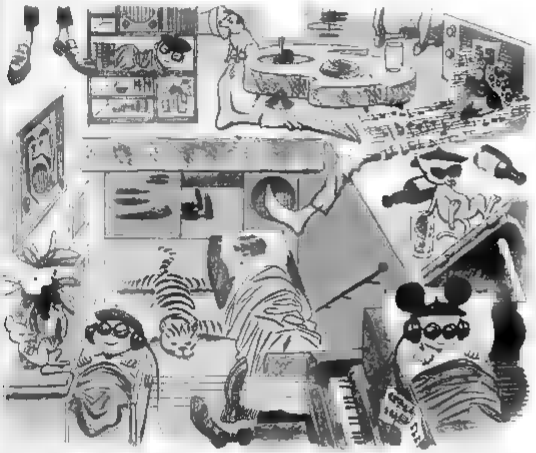
The moon and the snow were, like, faking together,
Which made the scene rock in the Day People weather,
When, what to these peepers should come on real queer,
But a real crazy sleigh, and eight swinging reindeer,

 ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

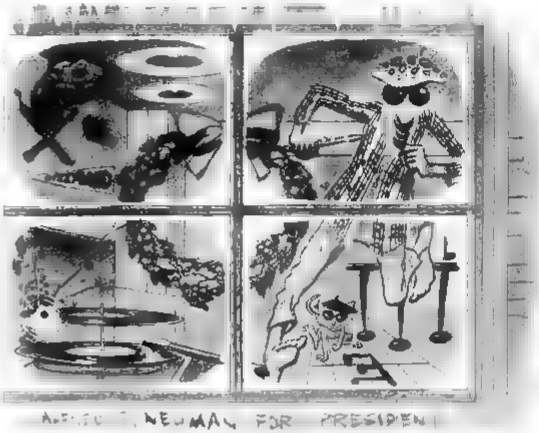
. . . AND JUST A TOUCH
OF MILD MENTHOL . . .

TO-DATE VERSION OF
Before Christmas

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION



The wee cats were laid out all coot in their beds,
While sounds of the "Sugar Blues" wailed through their heads;
And my chick in her "Castro," and me on the floor,
Had just conked out cold for a forty-wink snore,



When out of left field there came on such a ribble,
I broke from my sack to see what was this dribble!
To the glasspane I cut like a B-Western movie,
Tuned in on the action, and, Man, was it groovy!

With a hopped-up old driver on some frantic kick,
I was hip in a flash that it must be St. Nick.
Much faster than "Bird" blew, this group was no drag,
And he rocked, and he rolled, and he pegged them by tag:

"Like, Dasher! Like, Dancer! Like, Prancer and Vixen!
Go, Comet! Go, Cupid! Go, Donder and Blitzen!
Fly over the shack! Make it over the pad!
Now cut out, Man! Cut out, Man! Cut out like mad!"

OLD VERSION

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkle, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddlar just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

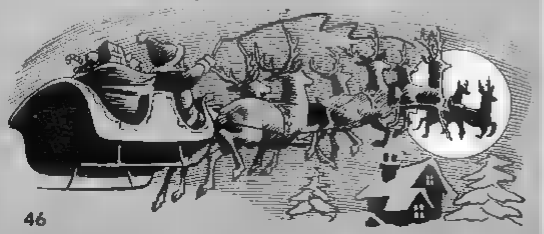
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all! And to all a good-night!"



As sidemen in combos pick up as they stomp,
When they swing with the beat of a Dixieland Romp,
So up to the top of my bandstand they flew,
With the sleigh full of loot, and St. Nicholas, too.

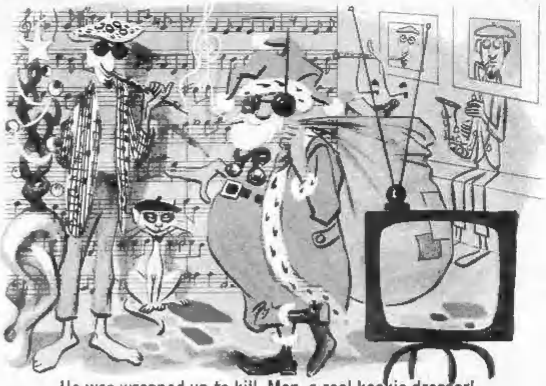
His lids—Man, they sizzled! His dimples were smiles!
His cheeks were like "Dizzy's," his beak was like "Miles' "!
His puckered-up mouth was, like, blowing flat E,
And his chin hid behind a real crazy goatee!

He blew not a sound, but skipped right to his gig,
And stashed all the stockings, then came on real big,
And flashing a sign, like that old "Schnozzle" bit,
And playing it hip, up the chimney he split;

NEW MAD "HIP" VERSION

THEY'RE EVEN POKING MILLIONS OF HOLES IN THE CIGARETTE PAPER SO YOU SHOULD INHALE AIR . . .

And then, in a quick riff, I dug on the roof
The jumpin' and jivin' of each swinging hoof.
As I pulled in my noggin, and turned around fast,
Down the chimney came Nick like a hot trumpet blast.



He was wrapped up to kill, Man, a real kookie dresser!
And his rags were, like, way out! Pops! He was a gasser!
A sack full of goodies hung down to his tail,
And he looked like a postman with "Basie's" fan mail.

The tip of a butt he had snagged in his choppers,
And he took a few drags just like all cool be-boppers;
He had a weird face, and a solid reet middle
That bounced when he cracked, like a gutbucket fiddle!

He was shaking with meat, meaning he was no square,
And I flipped, 'cause I'd always thought he was "longhair"!
But the glint in his eye and the beat in his touch
Soon gave me the message this cat was "too much"!

He flew to his skids, to his group blew a lick,
And they cut out real cool, on a wild frenzied kick.

But I heard him sound off, with a razz-a-ma-tazz:
"A cool Christmas to all, and, like, all of that jazz!"

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HELP MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS A MEMORABLE ONE

(MAINLY FOR US!)

DAS SPIEL VON DER AUTOMOBILE OR, HOW TO LOOK FUNNY WHILE DRIVING

DER VATER: ACH DU LIEBER! I GET BETTER THAN 35 MPW MIT MEIN VOLKSWAGEN! (DER MPW STANDS FOR "MILES PER WIND".) ALL I GOTTA DO IS GIVE BY DER KEY A COUPLE TURNS, UND I CAN GO 35 MILES BEFORE IT RUNS DOWN UND I GET SHTUCK IN DER TRAFFIC UND MAYBE GET SQUASHED BY A CADILLAC. BUT MIT DER PARTS GIVES NO TROUBLE. ALL OVER DER COUNTRY IS DEALERS MIT A SUPPLY OF ELVES!

Die Mutter: *Vun thing I like is der Volkswagen ain't got der shtoopid hole by der roof so der crazy kids ain't flying those balloons oudtside und lifting up der car from der road.* DAS KINDER: Ve don't like it! Better ve should have gotten a Renault! **DER DEALER:** UND REMEMBER, MIT DER VOLKSWAGEN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP UP MIT DER JONESES! BECAUSE EVERY YEAR IS COMING OUDT A NEW MODEL, BUT VE KEEP ALVAYS DER SAME OLD DOODLE-BUG STYLE!

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